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FICHTE'S CRITICISM OF SCHELLING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE, BY A. E. KROEGER.

III.

An Illustration, particularly of the Philosophical Judgment of our Age.

[THIS ARTICLE COMPLETES THE CRITICISM; THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS APPEARED, RESPECTIVELY, IN THE APRIL AND JULY NUMBERS OF THIS JOURNAL FOR 1878.]

It might be of use to characterize this almost universal insipidness and laziness of our age, particularly in matters of philosophy, in a recent and still existing striking example. Of the age, I say, in general; for I do not desire that the man whose name will be mentioned below should believe that I oppose myself to him as an individual, or even that he is good enough for me to use him as a representative of that universal shallowness; in which case I should, indeed, exaggerate and become unjust towards the others. Only the fact that a public — on the whole, nevertheless, better instructed — could be deceived by him has won for him the honor of being mentioned here by name.

For this public had, nevertheless, through Kant's and our

our own writings, been so far instructed as to make the younger students — the old students, grown up in dogmatism, were not converted — attain the conviction, in which they seemed firmly to repose, that reality ought on no account to be posited in the things, but in thinking and the laws of thinking, although no one very well knew how this could be accomplished, when at that very time one of the most confused heads of these our days of confusion, Frederick Wilhelm Schelling, through the spectre of a subjectivism of the Science of Knowledge, which only his excessive want of understanding had created, succeeded in reducing this science of knowledge, by his authority, to an error, — an error which the public, so long as left to itself, had been too sensible to discover, — and in scaring the people back from Kant and the Science of Knowledge, to Spinoza and Plato. The public were astounded, and knew not how further to proceed. They called repeatedly and threateningly upon the author of the Science of Knowledge to refute, if he could, what neither Kant nor the Science of Knowledge were needed to refute, and what ought not to have been mentioned as an open question since the days of Leibnitz. That, by such a course of proceeding, this man has expressed his absolute ignorance of what speculation is and should be, and his natural unfitness for speculation is self-evident and needs no further proof. But in so far as the rest of his dialectical art, talent of composition, sophistical wit, and the dexterity of the man may plead as an excuse for the deceived, and to shun what the man really has and can put to use of mind and talent, it may be instructive to develop and follow his views.

In order to proceed in this development with the utmost fairness, we shall neither take up the former writings of this man nor his so-called identity-system, though the latter has been considered so important that we have been called upon by name (by one of our standing literary tribunals) to either refute or recognize it. Was there in this system, as represented in the second volume of the *Magazine for Speculative Physics* — which representation we shall say only a few words about, in passing — error so dextrously and deceptively

worked out as to render its discovery impossible without outside assistance?

This representation commences with the statement (sec. 1): "I call reason absolute reason, or reason in so far as it is thought, as the utter indifference of the Subjective and Objective."

Now that by this starting-point the man commenced at the very beginning to distinguish reason from itself, and to renounce being reasonable himself, as well as to consider how he ever could come to make all the assertions which followed—all this the public could not well be supposed to remark, because such a supposition would presuppose the faculty of speculation, which the public, of course, does not possess. But it might well have been seen at once, even without the faculty of speculation, that the one and absolute reason, outside of which nothing was to be, could not be the indifference of the subtive and objective without being in the same undivided essence their difference; that the man, therefore, beside his own indifferential reason, kept another differential reason in view, which might come in very handy in a quiet way, and that this error was not a small, unimportant mistake, but of most significant consequence.

We will also be generous enough to forgive the public its not perceiving that by this statement of the matter, reason was at once completely determined, and in itself ended, *i. e.*, dead; and that its philosophical hero might now, to be sure, repeat his first proposition as often as possible, but never would be able to find a way of getting honestly and logically out of it to a second proposition. But that when he now really, in his own manner, did begin to resurrect the dead, and to relate to and happily demonstrate into this, his reason, all the determinations of nothingness, totality, unity, self-equality, etc., which arise in his following paragraphs, his readers never felt astonished at how he got at *these determinations*, nor ever asked him about it (for if his first statement of the essence of reason had been really exhaustive, these determinations ought to have been deduced from an analysis of that statement, from reason, as necessarily grounded in it; but they never should

have been taken — God only knows wherefrom — and been held separate from reason by mere arbitrariness!) and that his readers did not yet perceive the movement of that differential reason, in the person of their author, had secretly been calculated upon in section 1; nay, that they were not even surprised at his material arbitrariness in the arbitrary succession of the predicates which he chose to apply to reason. All this is a little more difficult to forgive.

But what shall we say when we look at these demonstrations ourselves, and discover the contradictions, subterfuges, and absurdities into which an uncultured and confused imagination blindly plunges the author; and when we see that a logical development of his first proposition leads to the very opposite of his assertion, and when, nevertheless, we are forced to experience how this monstrous system is received otherwise than amidst universal and unceasing laughter?

Thus, for instance, section 2 states: "Outside of *reason is nothing, and in reason is all.* If reason is thought, as we have stipulated in section 1, it immediately appears that out of it nothing can be. For, supposing something were outside of reason, then it is either so for reason itself"— Indeed! *For itself?* Why, we have not seen a word in section 1 that anything could be *for* reason. This is tacitly assumed here without our perceiving whence, merely so as to furnish a proof; and in doing so the author himself has not thought reason as demanded in his section 1, but leads the reader rather to the very opposite view. But, certainly, the proof may, perhaps, be obtained by this reasoning. It is obtained as follows: "It is either outside of reason for reason itself, and then reason is the subjective, which is against the presupposition; or it is not for reason itself outside of it, and then reason is related to this outside as objective to objective; in which case reason is objective, which, again, is against our presupposition."

(By the bye, the second half of the proof is without sense or meaning, as the reader may discover for himself, for we have not time to dwell upon it.)

The correct section 2 of the previous section 1 would have been: *In reason and for reason is simply nothing.* If reason

is thought, as we have postulated in section 1, it is immediately clear that neither in nor for reason can anything be. For, supposing anything to be in or for reason, this could be only in so far as it were itself reason; and this anything could only be the subjective, or the objective, or both; for that is all we have in our section 1. But to think reason as the subjective, or the objective, or both, would be opposed to the first statement, that reason is merely the indifference of both.

It is true, this proof presupposes that the one who furnishes the proof does not reflect, in the meanwhile, that in the proof reason is nevertheless for him, and is posited; and that hence the only practical possibility of the proof presupposes precisely that whereof the proof shows the impossibility; and this presupposition is made justly, since the contrary, in a system which is possible only by not reflecting, would be opposed to the very first agreement.

Thus the beginning of section 3 reads: "*Reason is absolutely one, and absolutely self-equal;* for if it were not the former there would be still another ground of the being of reason"—(Here, therefore, in order to have the second proof, we have the second presupposition stealthily brought in, that every being must have a ground. Whence, then, do we know that? Whence, indeed, all at once, the category of ground, and,—above all things,—with a view to prove by it the [formal] unity of reason? Ground is a much more special category, which arises only in the sphere of finite conditions and consequences.)—"still another ground than itself; for reason itself contains the ground only of its own being, not of the being of another reason." Indeed! How do we know this, again? Is this also contained in section 1, or in section 2? But let us relieve him of the question after the whence! Let us pass over his application of the ground-category, and the unproved assertion that reason alone is the ground of itself; what would his section 3 prove, after all? Why could not reason, inwardly and in itself, as reason, remain qualitatively one, even though there were a ground of its formal existence outside of reason? It is true, however, that in this case being would not be one, and reason not all being, and not

one with being. The unity of being, but not of reason, would therefore be proved, if this doubly and triply false proof could prove anything; but our author adds: *Reason is therefore one!* and thus shows that he does not even understand his own proof.

The correct section 3 (concerning the predicate of unity and self-equality), as resulting from the precedent sections 1 and 2, would be as follows:

Reason is absolutely neither One nor self-equal; for if it were, it could be so only in and for itself, since outside of reason there is nothing. Now, it is impossible (sec. 2) that there is anything in and for reason; hence reason cannot be unity and self-equality in and for itself; hence unity and self-equality cannot be at all; hence they also cannot belong to reason.

True, in this proof, it is also presupposed that nobody must reflect, on any account, how he comes, nevertheless, to present unity and equality in this proof; for then the same contradiction between doing and saying which we discovered in the previous proof would arise again, and the whole joke would dissolve into nothingness.

Now, in this manner the man proceeds throughout the whole *scriptum*, and none of the demonstrations which follow are of another nature than those we have quoted. But the result of all these manœuvres is this: that in an utterly fictitious manner, by absolutely cancelling the first proposition from which he started, the specific difference in many real things is explained from the difference of the quantitative relation of the subjective and objective in them. That this explanation is utterly arbitrary and a mere hypothesis is self-evident, for how can anybody arrive at it who does not presuppose as well-known, as a matter of course, that specifically different things do exist, and who has not got it into his head that he is going to explain their differences, whether it please God or no? But that this explanation contradicts and cancels the first fundamental principle appears thus: If reason is the absolute indifference of the subjective and objective, and if there is no other being than that of reason, then this indifference cannot

be cancelled and replaced by a quantitative difference in any being.

But, as I said before, I will not even judge the man by this antiquated sin, which, though the natural-philosophical public may not have recognized it as yet, has probably been already repented of by its author. I will base my investigation of his mind and talent upon another writing, which he himself considers so holy that, by the inscription on its title-page, "Touch it not, Goat, for it burns!" he bids all profane minds to depart at the very doorsteps, and which is really, also, in my estimation, the best, *i. e.*, the least bungler-like, of the numerous productions of his pen. I refer to his work, *Religion and Philosophy*.

The by far greater portion of this work does not pretend to conceal at all that it is merely a free and open play of the imagination, without even the pretence of thinking or investigating. Assertions, assurances, statements, are put forth without the shadow of a proof. All this part condemns itself, and needs not our attention. We proceed at once to the most prominent part of the whole book, which really puts on the air of thinking, and promises to explain the present highest principles of this philosopher — leaving all the while, as I said before, unnoticed, the man's fundamental error of objectivating, and merely considering the ability and dexterity with which he moves about in error.

Beginning at page 18, we have the announcement of a deduction of finite things from the absolute, and a representation of their relation, which ends as follows: "As sure as this absolutely simple essence of intellectual contemplation" — (by the word *essence* he means the *object* of that contemplation; but he has his good reasons, well known to us, why he does not utter that word in this connection, for to do so might lead him into serious difficulties with the science of knowledge) — as "sure as this essence is absoluteness, no other Being can be ascribed to it than what it has through its own conception; for if there could, it would be determined through something else outside of itself, which is impossible."

Let us stop right here, at the swelling tide of this proof, since we cannot get over some things so easily as the author. I understand clearly: if it were not determined through itself, it would be determined through another; that is, if it must be determined *through anything*, of which *must* the proof furnishes no ground, but merely invents it. I see that this proof tears its absolute, which at first was to be one, into two — the determining and the determined — and that it thus begins with an inward and material disjunction (the original and formal disjunction — that is, the seen of a seeing — we will, according to our promise, pass over), whereof he gives no account, which is the first act of blind arbitrariness. If I look closer at this mode of proceeding, I find that the well-known conception of the Absolute as being of itself, from itself, and through itself, is realized here; (Which — as mere conception, outward characteristic, and scheme of the absolute, and mere description of its form, in opposition to the form of the not-absolute, which is not of itself — cannot at all lead us into the absolute, but rather shut it up forever to our eyes), not to remark which is the second blindness. I see, moreover, that the expression "which is impossible," as it stands, expresses merely an impossibility of thinking, the real importance of which ought, above all things, to have been ascertained, which is the third very great sin of omission. But if I let all this pass and accept the Absolute in its duality as a determining and determined, I still cannot see why it should be in its first quality, as the determining precisely a conception, as I am required to believe without any show of reason, which is the fourth blind arbitrariness. But I see very well, in the meanwhile, why all this had to be stated thus, namely, because there was no other way to get at the desired result: "hence the absolute is generally not *real*, but in itself only *ideal*."

I will not only be agreeable, but go further; I will really think what the proof demands of me, and thus do what the author neglected to do, for we shall see, after a while, that he really did not think the required result, but wrote down empty words, which, if we should succeed in the promised proof,

would be the fifth blindness. "No being can be asserted of the absolute but that which it has *through* its own conception."

Now, if I have to think this in real earnest, and truly, but not banteringly, as if it were to be true and not true at the same time, I must think that the absolute has a conception of itself, a contemplation of itself, a pictured Being outside of its Being — for this is a conception — and of itself, *i. e.*, of a determined and limited Being, as which it conceives itself. And now I see very clearly (what the author of the proof, who did not truly think, but merely spoke, could have had but dimly in view), that in this manner the absolute can in itself be only ideal; for I suppose I shall be logical enough to view the absolute itself, and its conception of itself, as altogether one and the same, and not to ascribe to it any other formal or material Being, and any other seat and central point of such Being, than in its conception of itself, immediately and wholly. The absolute now again becomes one, determining and determined at the same time in the formal unity of the conception, and the other half of the real determination (which, doubtless, was drawn merely as an assisting line in the construction of the proof) is now wiped out. It is true that, instead of this duality, I now get into my absolute the five-foldness which is inseparable from the form of the conception into which the absolute is now received; but this is unavoidable, and I had better submit with good grace to the unavoidable. But let me on no account hold on and reflect that it is, after all, myself who has this conception of a conception of the absolute, and that I have formed it with conscious arbitrariness at the persuasion of this glorious proof; for by doing so I should fall into the "empty reflection-system," and thus give a far more difficult appearance to the whole matter.

Having thus far cleared matters up, let us proceed: "But equally eternal with the absolutely ideal is the eternal form." Equally eternal? We learn thus, by the way, that the absolutely ideal is, amongst other things, also eternal. Whence do we derive this knowledge, and what does it signify to be eternal? But let us not worry; the author does not intend to

lead us astray here, or to assume anything; he does not think what he says, and this time does not think anything at all; he has simply accustomed himself to an extravagant use of the word "eternal," and it escapes him here involuntarily; for if he had thought of his uttering it, he would at the same time have thought of what it might possibly mean; which, therefore, is the sixth and seventh blindness at one stroke.

Equally eternal, therefore, the eternal form? This really is a matter of course; for we have seen already that the absolute, as positively nothing but its conception of itself, is absorbed by this form of the conception, which form is, therefore, as absolute as the absolute itself, since it is the same; and also as eternal, if the word "eternal" is to have any significance, and if the absolute is assumed to be "eternal." Now, does the author mean this form of the conception, or another one? He means another one; for that he has already, in the self-comprehension of the absolute, a right good, tenable, and even five-fold form, is still unknown to him, from which it very clearly appears that he himself did not think what he required his reader to think, and that our above assertion of this fact is fully confirmed. Why he requires a second form, however, is thus explained: He erroneously supposes that with the first form, even if he should make this form clear to himself, he would not be able to deduce anything from the absolute, — which, after all, is his real purpose. He supposes this erroneously, I say, — at least we, on our part, would not be afraid, if such a self-comprehension of the absolute were given us, to deduce from it, with the greatest ease, heaven, earth, and all the hosts thereof. For in this conception we should have the whole qualitative Being of the absolute, which it contemplates; and this, I suppose, would doubtless give us all the manifold we might want. All we should have to do would be to open hands and eyes, and accept whatever exists, and hold ready for whatsoever might turn up the always same and easy answer: Why, this is also a qualitative part of the absolute, and this, and this, etc., *ad infinitum*. The only remaining difficulty would be to make comprehensible how others also obtain a knowledge of the Being of the absolute, and a

participation in its comprehension of itself; but since it is incontrovertible that the inner ground-form of the self-comprehension of the absolute is the Ego-form, why, it might be very possible that through this very form every Ego had a participation in the absolute, and became a moment of it; for which somewhat bolder solution of the problem our author is, unhappily, too timid and bashful, holding the absolute, as he does, as far away from him as possible. From this reason the first form remains unused, and a second form must be gotten somewhere, into which, as not quite so bright and noble a form, he hopes, with a somewhat smaller degree of immodesty, to squeeze his personality. There is, therefore, a form of the absolute; and this form is as "eternal" as the absolute. So it has been told us, though without a shadow of a proof. Whence does the author know what he maintains? And how does he get to the assumption of such a form? This we shall doubtless learn best when we see for what purpose he uses it. But he uses it a little further on to deduce by its means the reality from the absolute. Hence his need of this explanation is the true creator, and the real, though concealed, ground of the proof of the Being of such a form.

And thus we have here already exhibited to us, and before our very eyes, this man's conception of philosophy — and his whole course of proceeding. Reality is simply in itself. Of this, not the least doubt is uttered, and it is the fundamental pillar of his system. This can and must be explained, and it is the business of philosophy to furnish this explanation. Of this again, not the least doubt is uttered, and it is the second fundamental pillar of the whole system. In order to get this explanation, we must assume an eternal form, and, for the purpose of filling this form, we must assume an Absolute, which is the third part and realization of this system. Its starting-point, therefore, is the very blindest and stubbornly believing empirism, and an Absolute is assumed only for love of the world. This is the true opinion which this man entertains of the Absolute, for thus he uses it; and if he once and a while, for variety's sake, speaks of immediate cognition and contemplation of the Absolute, such is mere phrase and a

joke, since he does not, in truth, judge and philosophize from such a standpoint, but from its very opposite. At the utmost, there may be the following truth in this, as we will generously suppose to be the case, namely: He comprehends, in a general way, the necessity of an immediate knowledge, if a mediated knowledge is ever to be arrived at; but he knows not how to attain it, nor will he ever get it in his way. As for the rest, this not comprehending his own real opinion, and not remarking his blind empirism, and this, his explaining through an arbitrarily posited hypothesis, characterize the radical blindness of the man, whereof the instance just examined is the eighth in number.

But let us in the meanwhile obtain some further information in regard to this eternal form. "Not the absolute ideal stands under this form, for *itself* is outside of all form, as sure as it is absolute." Outside of all form; hence what was just this moment by the same conception asserted of itself is now denied, without the denial being perceived by our author; which is the ninth blindness. But let us look a little closer, to see what this man is really talking about. The *itself* he italicized also in the original, and it was well to do so, though, from another point of view, it may lead to unpleasant consequences. For I ask: Is this, then, the same one absolute of which it was said above that it must be in the eternal form? I suppose it must be the same; for else we have a second absolute, and have had our trouble with the first absolute all for nothing. But it would surely have been wrong not to take us at once to the true forge of the pregnant and productive absolute. Hence it is nevertheless the absolute which is in the form. But, now again, it is not to be *itself* in the form. Hence we have a self which is at the same time a not-self, an identity which is at the same time a not-identity! Are there, then, no means at hand to show up clearly this utter nonsense? I hope the following will suffice:

I ask, is the absolute wholly and undividedly present in this self-forming, or is it not so present? If the former, then it is in its whole and undivided essence in the form, and it is nowhere and in no other manner except in the form. Our

philosopher does not wish this to be so, because he is afraid of his own independent individuality, which would then vanish away in the absolute. He maintains, therefore, the latter; but if this is so, then the absolute, in thus forming itself, separates into two absolute halves, with one of which it remains out of all form, and with the other one of which itself is in the form. Will our philosopher admit this? I hope not; but in the meanwhile he has asserted it, without knowing what he was speaking about; which is the tenth blindness.

It tires me, and perhaps also the reader, to follow this man step by step and count up his instances of confusedness; and I the more gladly drop the subject here, as the two following lines involve such thick and tough nonsense as to require many words to make it at all current. I add only the conclusion of his explanation of the eternal form.

"This form is, that the ideal, immediately as such, and without, therefore, going outside of its identity, exists also as a real."

What may this mean: "real?" Well, thinks this man, I suppose every child knows it—and so takes no pains to define his conception. But, nevertheless, we should like to know, what sense he attaches to this conception, and hence must trace it out ourselves from its connections. The author holds real to be the opposite of ideal; the ideal, however, he holds to be — partly according to his own express words, and partly according to the higher degree of clearness which we have thrown upon them by realizing the thinking required by him — that which needs not and is not capable of any other being than it has through its conception; and hence the real must be a being which cannot have any other being than *outside* of the conception, *i. e.*, absolute unconsciousness.

Thus, I say, the real must be thought according to our philosopher, though at other times he is far from thinking it thus; for on page 23 he says: "The form of *the determinedness* of the real enters through the ideal into the soul as *knowledge*."

At first we had only the self-forming of the ideal, by means of and in the form, into the real, the immediate dissolving of the ideality into reality (I×R); where, then, do we get now

all at once this new form of a higher abstraction, of a *determinedness* of the real through the ideal, which must be reciprocal, and which adds at once to the mere reality the ground of its thus-being (qualitative determination) (I F R); and, moreover, where do we get the *soul*, into which this form of the form enters? It seems, indeed, as if the Wuertemberg Catechism [allusion to the charge against Schelling, that the theology of the university in Wuertemberg, where he was now teaching, had induced him to change his views,] has had as much to do with this system as speculation itself. The real deduction of finite things from the absolute he finally succeeds in accomplishing, thereby getting rid of much trouble and annoyance, as follows: "The absolute would not become truly objective in the real, if it did not give the real the power to change, like it, its ideality into reality, and to objectivate this reality in particular forms."

Very well; thus we have gained everything all at once, and the object of all speculation is solved, to everybody's joy and comfort, with immeasurable clearness and ease. There is no doubt that all of us others are the real, wherein the absolute has become truly objective; the power to change our ideality into reality, and to objectivate it in particular forms, belongs also to us, therefore; and hence the whole world will in all probability turn out to be nothing but the exercise of this, our power. If we now but open our senses, or, to use the terminology of our philosopher, exercise the power communicated to us, to change our ideality into reality, we shall doubtless see how this power does objectivate itself in particular forms; and thus we have arrived, indeed, though by a somewhat rough and troublesome circuitous route, at the very point for which I suggested above that the self-comprehension of the absolute might be useful. Whatever may now happen, we shall always be ready to say this is a manifestation of the power to change our ideality into reality, through which power the absolute has become objective in us.

Unfortunately, the joyful emotions which this result might give rise to are quenched soon after by these unexpected and remarkable words: "In one word, from the absolute to the real

there is no gentle gradation; the origin of the sensuous world" (remark that this word is made here to have the same meaning as 'the real') "is to be thought only as a perfect breaking off from the absoluteness, through a sudden leap." Again: "The ground of all finite things cannot lie in a *communication* of reality to them, or to their *substratum;* — which communication would have to come from the absolute — that ground can lie only in an *estrangement*, in a *falling-off* from the absolute. This equally clear and sublime doctrine [Indeed! It seems tastes vary] is also the true Platonian doctrine. Only by a falling off or lapse from the original does Plato represent the soul to sink down from its original blessedness. This was also one of the more mysterious doctrines in the Grecian mysteries, to which Plato refers pretty plainly."

Well, if Plato and the Grecian mysteries assumed this, we others must, of course, show the proper respect and submit to it also, although it were to appear that there is no sense or meaning in the whole doctrine, and that this assumption can only be spoken, but never realized in actual thinking.

We vastly suspect that the latter will turn out to be the case. For what is that to be which falls off from the absolute. Two cases alone are possible: either it is the absolute itself, in which case this must fall off from itself, *i. e.*, annihilate itself in itself and through itself, which is absurd; or it is not the absolute itself, and then it is of, from, and through itself, and we have two absolutes. It would not do to say that the absolute has made this other, and has made it good, and that it has fallen off only afterwards; for then the possibility to fall off (to lapse) must either have been given to it by the absolute— in which act of giving the absolute would have indeed fallen off from itself, which is the first absurdity— or it must have had that power from and out of itself, which would make it absolute at least in regard to this power, which is the second absurdity.

But, supposing that we overlook all this in our author; how does this expression agree with all his previous operations? I beg you, is, then, the absolute really and indeed existent or not? Is there, then, a word of truth in the becoming objective on the

part of this absolute, in a power to change its ideality into reality, and to objectivate this reality again in various forms, or is there not a word of truth in it? If the former, then reality is indeed explained, and the steady progression from the absolute to the real has been found. But if we assume the latter — and the assertion that the real cannot be explained from the absolute, warrants us in it — then everything that has been said before is now taken back and pronounced untrue, and all speculation — the true as well as that of this system — is forever stopped. Why, then, did the author not wipe out his beginning, after he had come to such an end?

But have we, perhaps, misunderstood him? He proceeds to remark that he has indeed thus deduced something, but that this something is, after all, merely the pure idea; and hence it is possible that the objectivating of his ideality into different forms, whereat we so rejoiced, may also signify merely the abstract acting, but not, as we hoped, at the same time the original representations of the universe. I suggest: Is, then, the idea not real, can it not become real, and is it not in fact realized in the first half of the book, in the proud deduction of our author? O, yes, if we were not too humble to accept such an assumption! "This is all very well," says the man, "but still it is not the true real, not the *real* real. I only permit the sensuous world to pass for the true real." But did he, then, never, in the course of his philosophical life, hear the assertion that the sensuous world generally has real existence only in the senses, and the senses only in the idea, as spheres of the independent life of the idea? Now, if he does not want to admit this — as he certainly does not — how then does he, first of all, form his conception of reality? Evidently, only through distinction from the idea — a Being of matter, utterly independent of the idea; and since, doubtless, we are not to have a third besides the idea and matter, independent of anything else, hence a true in-itself, and inner Absolute, the second in number; *i. e.*, if he is at the same time in earnest when he claims the Being of an absolute idea. And thus we find in our philosophical hero, when we come to a serious investigation, nothing but the old and well-known

joke of a materialistic dualism. Not Kant, not the Science of Knowledge, but thou, O holy Leibnitz, pray for him!

Again: how does this man imagine that he protects himself against those who insist on the unity of the absolute, and on the idea, as the only possible reality? He will never find another manner than that which he really does adopt, namely, of appealing to the testimony of his senses and to common sense, and maintaining, by all that is holy, that the material objects must exist, since he sees them, hears them, etc., and that nobody can ever alter this, his belief. Thus drops from our man the mask of speculation, which he always carries a little loosely, and we see the natural skin of the coarsest, blindest empiricism; and indeed he never utters were it but the suggestion of a suspicion of the in-itself-existence of matter.

Since it is necessary to tell our public everything expressly, and never to assume that anybody will follow one's thinking, and admit the consequences of one's assertions, I add that all natural philosophy rests upon this blind belief, this horror and dismay in the face of matter, and this terror to be self-alive, and not a mere product of nature; and that all such men can never find another answer for those who oppose them than that they lack feeling. Now, since we live probably quite as much as they, it is to be presumed that we also hear and see quite as well as they, the only difference being that we do not accept these appearances of the senses immediately and at once, upon mere belief, but penetrate them with our comprehension, and thus understand them in their significance as the true real of them. Hence what we lack, indeed, is their blind superstition; and if they mean this by their "feeling," they are quite right in supposing that we lack something which they possess. May they never learn what fools they became when they considered themselves wise.

To return to our philosopher. This immeasurably clumsy and bungling sophist is, therefore, the man who succeeded in leading the philosophers of our age astray. In the meanwhile it might involve injustice as well towards myself as towards this man if herewith I concluded this chapter. Towards myself, because I do not wish that certain opponents of his of

whom he complains, of whom he has found particularly a number in the district of his present residence, should believe that I have joined them; towards him, because there was a time when I judged him less disparagingly, and because, since it is known that we once had personal relations, some one might believe he had thus disparaged himself in my esteem in another manner than as a philosopher: Now, as regards, firstly, my former less disparaging judgments, I would have it considered that in these times the man was utterly incapable of philosophical ripeness and clearness by reason of his youth, and that I therefore neither could nor desired to praise in him that ripeness and clearness; but I hoped that he would be diligent, and did not doubt that by diligence he might succeed in something, and it was only this hope which I expressed. But how I have always judged the philosophical attainments which this man really possesses can be seen in the very first numbers of my *Philosophical Journal*, in one of my notes to an essay written by him, wherein the first traces of the error which has now shaped itself into a "philosophy of nature" can be clearly discerned. Those good hopes of mine he has not fulfilled, but allowed himself to be soon corrupted by senseless flatterers, and since then has paid attention to nothing but his pride and self-conceit, being anxious to run ahead in the race of the man whom but to understand he all the while remained incapable.

To separate myself from these opponents of his, whom I do not like to join, I add: I see clearly that if the system of this man is logically carried out, no God remains but Nature, and no morality but that of the manifestations of Nature. But it is as unjust to impugn men for what they merely say as it would be to interpret it to their advantage. Words are, after all, nothing, and only the life is of significance. But so far as the life, the inner religion of this man, is concerned, I of course refrain from all judgment, and hold that the public should do so likewise. So far as his morality is concerned, it may not be improper to also allude to the following:

It seems to have been believed, and it was but lately that I saw the insinuation repeated in a public paper, that the man whom

I have named belonged to those who did not come up to their pledged word when I left Jena. I deem it proper at the present opportunity to deny this. I stood by no means on such a footing with him as that I should have taken his advice on important steps to be taken. Whatever was told him was told him after the step had been taken. The man who, by his unasked-for interference, changed my fixed resolution to resign my position at Jena, in a certain contingency, into an attempt to capitulate, and who thus gave my just and proper resolve — which I approve yet, after the lapse of eight years, and would repeat in the same contingency — the appearance of weakness and double-facedness, was another man, and was only one, not many. In the meanwhile I bear no grudge even against this one, since immediately after the step was taken I condemned myself. For it serves strength but justly if, making common cause with momentary weakness, it finds itself deserted; and I have been reconciled with myself only by the thus acquired certainty that the same thing will not happen again.

Let this, therefore, be said as a last word on the subject, and let us hope that the confused passionateness of those days may now be cooled off, and that it is now understood how it must be all the same to the whole world, excepting the finances of the duchy of Weimar, whether this or that man is professor at Jena, or whether Jena has a flourishing, or a deserted, or no university at all.

Besides all this, what this man seeks and strives to attain by his speculation is by no means anything bad or common, but rather the highest to which man may aspire, the cognition of the unity of all Being with the Divine Being. His purpose is, therefore, worthy of all honor. Mine is the same, and I fulfil it; but he speaks of it only in a roundabout way, and cannot realize it; he puts himself in the way of those who can realize it, and leads others astray who might, perhaps, have listened and understood, if it had not been for him. It is this which causes him my reproaches. He hates and flies from collected reasoning, in which alone lies the remedy of error; and he does this purposely, because he considers it empty clearness,

and thus he makes diffusedness of thought the fundamental principle of all realism, expecting salvation from a blind nature. Now, this is absolute Anti-Philosophy; and so long as he clings to this maxim, everything he utters is necessarily false, erroneous, and foolish, and not a spark of philosophy can enter his soul. And thus, leaving him as man in all his possible worth, I cast him utterly aside as a philosopher; and as an artist, I assert him to be one of the greatest bunglers that have ever played with words.

What I have said here against him, being grounded simply in general logic, suffers no contradiction and no evasion, and cannot be refuted. If his co-disputants, sorrowful to see their leader thus treated, should try to refute it, I shall reply or not, as it may please me, for I do not wish to bind myself to it. But to the man I have named I never speak, since we proceed from utterly opposite maxims; nor have I here spoken to him, but to his public.

HEGEL ON ROMANTIC ART.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND PART OF THE ÆSTHETIK.]

BY WM. M. BRYANT.

CHAPTER III. — OF THE FORMAL INDEPENDENCE OF INDIVIDUAL PECULIARITIES.

If now we take a view of what lies behind us, we see that we have, in the first place, considered personality in its absolute circle; consciousness in its mediation with God; the universal process of the spirit reconciling itself within itself. Here the abstraction consists in this: The soul withdrew, by abnegation, into itself from the secular, natural, and human, as such (even where this was moral, and therefore permissible), in order to secure contentment in the pure heaven of the spirit. Secondly, it is true, human subjectivity, without representing the negativity which lay in the former mediation, became affirmative

for itself and for others. The content of this secular (*weltlichen*) infinitude, as such, was, nevertheless, only the independence of honor, the internality of love, the vassalage of fidelity; a content which can, indeed, make its appearance in multiform relations, in a vast complexity and varied degree of sentiment and passion, and under a great variety of external circumstances. Within these phases, however, it is nothing more than the above-mentioned independence of the person and of his externality, that is represented. The third point, therefore, which still remains for us to consider is the form and method (*Art und Weise*) by which the further material of human existence, in accordance with its inner and outer characteristics, may enter into the Romantic form of art; and how nature and its conception and significance for the soul may be admitted to the same realm. Here it is also the world of the particular — existence in general — which becomes free for itself, and, in so far as it does not appear to be penetrated with religion, and to be distinctly comprehended in the unity of the absolute, places itself upon its own feet, and goes forward independently in its own realm.

In this third circle of the Romantic form of art, therefore, the religious material and chivalry, with its lofty conceptions and aims produced in the inner being, and to which nothing in the present and actual immediately corresponds, have vanished. On the contrary, what is now gratifying is the thirst for this present and actual world itself, satisfaction in what *is*, contentment with self, with the finitude of the human, with the finite and particular in general; in a word, with the specifically-realistic (*Portraitartigen*). In his immediate now, man demands, even at the sacrifice of the beauty and ideality of the content and of the manifestation, that the present itself, re-created in still more present vitality by art, shall stand out before him as his own spiritual, human work. As we saw, even at the outset, the Christian religion has not grown out of the ground of the phantasy, as did the Oriental and Greek gods, in respect of both content and form. If now it is the phantasy which creates from itself the significance in order to complete the union of the true internal with the perperfected form of the same, and, in Classic Art, actually

brings about this combination; so, likewise, on the other hand, we find that in the Christian religion the mundane peculiarity of manifestation from the center outward, as it comes and goes, is taken up, as an element, into the ideal, and that the soul is satisfied with the commonplace, and with the accidentality of the external, without demanding beauty. Still, man is, at first, only potentially, and as a possibility, reconciled with God. All are, indeed, called to happiness, but few are chosen; and the soul to which the Kingdom of Heaven, as well as the kingdom of this world, remains a beyond, must, in the spiritual, abjure worldliness and egotistic temporality (*selbstischen Gegenwärtigkeit*). It (the soul) advances from an infinite distance, and in order that what was to it at first only something to be sacrificed may become affirmative and valid, this positive finding of self and willing of self in its (the soul's) present, — which [phase] is in other respects the beginning, — constitutes the termination in the development (*Fortbildung*) of Romantic Art; and this is the final stage in which man simply continues to add to the depth and precision of his own inner nature.

With respect to the form for this new content we found Romantic Art burdened from its very beginning with this contradiction: That subjectivity or personality, since it is essentially infinite, is for itself incapable of uniting with external matter and must remain uncombined therewith. This independent opposition of the two sides and the seclusion (*Zurückgezogenheit*) of the internal within itself constitutes the characteristic content of the romantic. Developing themselves within themselves, these two elements are found to ever separate anew until they ultimately fall asunder altogether, and thus show that it is in *another field* than in that of art that they must seek their absolute unity (*Vereinigung*). Through this falling-asunder the elements (*Seiten*) become, in respect of art, *formal*, since they cannot come forth as a whole in that perfect unity which the classic ideal gives to them. Classic Art has its appropriate range in a circle of clearly defined images; in a mythology completed through art and in the indissoluble forms pertaining thereto. The dissolution of the classic, therefore (as we have already seen in the transition to

the Romantic form of art), is, aside from the very limited region of the comic and satirical, an over-refinement (*Ausbildung*) for the sake of the agreeable; or it is an imitation which is lost in erudition, in something dead and cold, and which finally degenerates into a negligent and clumsy technique. Still, on the whole, the objects remain the same and merely exchange the earlier, more spiritual mode of production for a less and less spiritual representation, and a tradition altogether mechanical and external, or formal. On the contrary, the progress and termination of Romantic Art is the inner dissolution of the artistic material itself, which separates into its elements — into a free-existence of its parts — with which, on the other hand, the subjective skill and art of the representation rises; and, the more completely disengaged the spiritual (*das Substantielle*) becomes, by so much the more does it render itself perfect.

We may now indicate the more precise divisions of this last chapter, as follows:

In the first place, we have before us *Independence of Character*. But this is a particular, definite individual, who, with his own peculiar characteristics and aims, is secluded within himself, within his own world.

Secondly, in contrast with this formalism of the independence of character stands the external form of situations, accidents, and acts. And, since Romantic internality in general is indifferent respecting the external, there appears here the real phenomenon, free for itself, as neither pervaded by the inner [quality] of the aims and deeds, nor formed adequately with reference to the same. Thus, in its unrestricted mode of manifestation, importance comes to be attached to the accidentality of the development, of the circumstances, of the succession of events, of the quality of execution, etc., [and this makes its appearance] as *adventurousness*.

In the third place, finally, there is exhibited the falling asunder of the elements (*Seiten*) whose perfect identity constitutes the specific idea of art; and thus the dissolution and decay of art itself become manifest. On the one side, art goes over to the representation of ordinary actuality as such, to the representation of things present just as they are in their acci-

dental individuality and their peculiarities; and has now for its aim the transformation of this reality into an appearance through the dexterity of art. On the other side, it turns itself about, to the complete, subjective accidentality of conception and representation — to *Humor* — as the inversion and derangement of all objectivity and reality through wit and the play of the subjective fancy (*Ansicht*), and terminates with the productive power of the artistic subjectivity over every content and every form.

I. Of the Independence of Individual Character.

1. Of Outward Energy of Character. — 2. Of Concentration of Character. — 3. Of the Interest which the Representation of such Character produces.

The subjective infinitude of man considered with reference to his ideal, from which we set forth in Romantic Art, remains also in this present sphere the fundamental characteristic. On the other hand, what enters anew into this substantially (*für sich*) independent infinity is, on the one part, the *particularity of the contest* which constitutes the world of the subject or person; on the other part, the being of the subject or person in immediate combination with this its particularity, and the wishes and aims belonging thereto; thirdly, the living individuality to which character in itself sets the limits. We must here, however, not understand by the expression "character" what, for example, the Italians represent in their masques. For the Italian masques are, indeed, also definite characters, but they exhibit this definiteness only in their abstraction and universality, without subjective individuality. On the contrary, the characters of the present stage are, each for himself, a more specific character, an independent totality, an individual subject or person. If, therefore, we still speak here of formalism and abstraction of character, this relates only to the fact that the chief content, the world of such character, appears on the one hand as limited, and hence abstract; while on the other hand it appears as accidental. What the individual is, becomes established (*gehalten*) and sustained (*getragen*), not through that which is substantial and essentially valid in its content, but through the mere subjectivity of the

character. This, therefore, rests only formally upon its own individual independence, instead of upon its content and its sensibility developed to consistency and independence (*für sich festen Pathos*).

Within this formalism *two principal distinctions* are brought to light.

On the one side stands the energetic, self-reliant (*sich durchführende*) firmness of character, which restricts itself to definite ends, and throws the entire force of one-sided individuality into the realization of these ends. On the other side, character appears as subjective totality, which, however, remains uncultivated in its internality, and in the undeveloped depth of the soul, and is not in a position to render itself explicit and to bring itself into complete manifestation.

1. Thus, what we have before us at first is the particular character which chooses to be precisely what it immediately is. As the animals are different one from another, and yet in this difference find their independence, so here the variously-distinguished characters, whose circle and chief peculiarity remain accidental, cannot be given a precise definition through the general conception.

a. Such merely self-related individuality, therefore, possesses no views and aims which it has thought out, and which it connects with some universal sentiment (*Pathos*); but what it has, does, and accomplishes, it creates immediately, and without any further reflection, out of its own particular nature, and this its nature is in that very fact developed to the precise state it is now found to be in. It is not grounded through anything else higher, nor will it accept vindication from something substantial; but, inflexible, and relying unfalteringly upon itself, it goes forward in this resoluteness (*Festigkeit*) until it either accomplishes its purpose or perishes in the attempt. Such independence of character can only make its appearance where the non-religious (*Aussergöttliche*), the specially human, has attained to its completest acceptation. Of this class especially are the characters of Shakespeare, the intense persistence and concentration of which constitute the pre-eminently admirable quality. There it is in nowise a

question of piety (*Religiosität*), and of an activity proceeding from the religious reconciliation of man in himself, and from the moral as such. On the contrary, we have before us individuals who are independent only through self-assertion, who possess particular aims which belong exclusively to themselves, which proceed alone from their own individuality, and which they now, for their own personal satisfaction, pursue to the end with the unswerving consistency of passion, and without accompanying reflection and universality. In particular, the tragedies such as "Macbeth," "Othello," "Richard the Third," and others, have each as its central object *one* such character, who is surrounded by less remarkable and less energetic characters. Thus, for example, Macbeth is distinguished by his characteristic of ungoverned greed of power. At first he hesitates, but presently he stretches forth his hand towards the crown, commits murder to obtain it, and, in order to preserve it, storms onward through every atrocity. This desperate hardihood, the identity of the man with himself and with the aim which proceeds solely from himself, gives him an essential interest. Neither respect for the sacredness of majesty, nor the insanity of his wife, nor the revolt of his vassals, nor the threatening ruin — nothing can cause him to falter. Before nothing, before neither divine nor human right, will he yield his purpose, but perseveres to the end. Lady Macbeth is a similar character, and only the insipid prating of a modern criticism has been able to consider her as possessed of kindliness of spirit. With her first entrance upon the scene (Act I, scene 5), as she reads the letter of Macbeth, which tells of the meeting with the witches and of their prophecy, "Hail, Thane of Cawdor; hail, king that shall be!" she cries out: "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be what thou art promised; — but I do fear thy nature; it is too full o' the milk of human kindness, to catch the nearest way." She exhibits no kindly tenderness, no gladness at the good fortune of her husband, no moral emotion, no sympathy (*Theilnahme*), none of the regret of a noble soul. She fears but one thing: that the character of her husband may become an obstacle in the way of her ambition. As for him, she con-

siders him solely as a means; and in this respect there is no hesitation, no uncertainty, no deliberation, no faltering. She experiences no regret, as Macbeth himself does at first; she only exhibits pure abstraction and relentlessness (*Härte*) of character, and pursues to the end, without further thought, whatever serves her purpose, even to her final undoing. This catastrophe, which, with Macbeth, comes storm-like upon him from without, after he has consummated his crimes, is, in the feminine concentration (*Innern*) of Lady Macbeth, insanity. The same may be said of Richard the Third, of Othello, of the old Margaret, and of so many other like characters. This is quite the contrary of the wretchedness of modern characters — of those of Kotzebue, for example, — which appear in the highest degree noble, great, excellent, and yet are at the same time inwardly mere rags (*nur Lumpen*). In other respects the later writers who have majestically spurned Kotzebue, have done no better; as, for example, Heinrich von Kleist, in his *Käthchen und Prinzen von Homburg;* characters in whom, in opposition to the rational conditions (*wachen Zustande*) of established sequence, we see represented magnetic states, somnambulism, as the highest and most excellent. The Prince of Homburg is a wholly miserable (*der erbärmlichste*) general; he is distracted in assigning positions, writes his orders in a bungling manner, at night urges forward puerile affairs with morbid haste, and in the day-time in battle commits gross blunders. With such utter want of unity, and such deeply penetrating dissonance of character, these writers have imagined themselves to be following in the footsteps of Shakespeare. But they are far from so doing; for Shakespeare's characters are in themselves consistent (*konsequent*); they remain true to themselves and to their passion, and whatever they are, whatever opposes them, they perform their deeds with vigor and promptitude, and always in accordance with their own unalterable characteristic.

b. Now, the more peculiar the character is which holds fast only upon itself, and thus so much the more easily joins itself to the evil, by so much the more has it, in concrete actuality, not only to sustain itself against hindrances which

present themselves in its way and check the realization [of its designs], but so much the more, also, will it, through this very realization, be driven onward to its own ruin. For, even while it is attaining its end, there falls upon it the destiny that proceeds from the particular character itself, which thus incurs the ruin it has prepared for itself. The maturing of this destiny is, however, not merely a development from the *deeds* of the individual, but it is at the same time an inner unfolding (*Werden*), a development of the *character* itself, in its stormy violence, in its wild raging, until it becomes shattered, or sinks exhausted. With the Greeks (with whom pathos, the substantial content of deeds, rather than the subjective character, is the thing of importance), destiny does not so closely concern this peculiar character, which, it is true, does not in its deeds attain essentially to any further development, but is at the end what it was at the beginning. But at the present stage, the development of the action is, none the less, a further unfolding of the individual in his subjective internality. It is not merely an external progress. The deeds of Macbeth, for example, appear at the same time as a maddening (*Verwilderung*) of the soul, with this consequence: that, so soon as indecision ceases, the die is cast, and from this moment he no longer permits himself to pause at any obstacle. His wife is decided from the first moment. In her the development shows itself only as an inner anxiety which rises to physical and spiritual ruin, even to insanity, in which she perishes. It is so, also, with the greater number of the characters, the principal and as well as the subordinate. Antique characters, indeed, also show the same firmness, and even with them it happens that there are contradictions wherein no help is any longer possible, and where, for the deliverance [of the character], a *Deus ex machina* must enter. Nevertheless, this firmness, as for example that of Philoctetes, is rich in significance (*inhaltsvoll*), and on the whole filled with a sentiment which is grounded in morality.

c. In the personages of the present circle, with the accidentality which characterizes their aims, and with the independence of their individuality, no *objective reconciliation* is

possible. Their inter-relation, what they are, and what befalls them, remains partly indefinite, but is also for itself explained in part as no whence and no whither. [It is capricious, rather than rational.] Fate, as the most abstract necessity, here makes its appearance once more, and the sole reconciliation for the individual is his infinite potential being, his own inflexibility, in which he stands above his passion, and above the destiny involved therein. "It is so," and whatever happens to him, whether it comes from an overriding fatality, from necessity, or from accident, it nevertheless *is*, without reflection as to why or wherefore. It happens, and the man, by his resolution, becomes firm as a rock in presence of this imperious power.

2. In the second place, again, and in a wholly opposite fashion, the formal or abstract phase of character may have its foundation in *internality* as such. Here the individual, not being able to attain to the real enlargement and completion [of his own powers], remains at this stage of internality [or concentration upon self].

a. These are the substantial souls which contain a totality within themselves, but, in simple concentration (*Gedrungenheit*), complete each deep movement only in themselves, without being developed or rendered outwardly explicit. Formalism, as we have already considered it, relates to the definiteness of the content, to the existence of the individual completely focused in a single aim. This aim is permitted to appear in perfect clearness, while the individual develops himself, presses toward his aim, and in this effort, according as circumstances permit, either perishes or attains to success. The present and *second* phase of formalism, on the contrary, consists in non-development, in formlessness, in the lack of manifestation and unfolding. Such a soul is like a costly precious stone which emits light only at a single point; it sends forth one ray alone, but this is like a flash of lightning.

b. Such a concentration is of interest and value; for it is in this that we find a more spiritual (*innerer*) realm of the soul which permits its infinite depth and fullness to be known, but only in rare and, so to speak, mute manifestations directly

through this silence (*Stille*). Such simple, naïve, silent natures can exert the strongest attraction. But their silence must be the unmoved stillness upon the surface of the unfathomable sea, not the silence of shallowness, emptiness, and dullness. For we sometimes meet men who are altogether ordinary, and yet who, through a careful reserve, giving out only here and there something to be but half understood, create the impression of immense wisdom and spiritual depth, so that one is led to think it a miracle that all this should be hidden away in this heart and soul; and yet we discover at length that there is nothing in them. On the other hand, the infinite content and depth of those quiet souls become manifest (and this demands great address and skill on the part of the artist) through isolated, scattered, naïve, and unintentional but deeply significant utterances, which escape without reference to the ability of others to comprehend them. From which it is evident that such souls seize in a profound manner the substantial in whatever relations lie before them; that, nevertheless, their reflection does not extend through the entire chain of particular interests, motives, and finite aims — from which they are free (*rein*) and with which they are unfamiliar; and that, finally, they do not permit themselves to be distracted by the ordinary emotions, by eagerness, and affections of that type.

c. For a soul thus shut up within itself there must none the less come a time in which it will be aroused (*ergriffen*) at a definite point of its inner world and thenceforward throw its undivided force into a single sentiment determining its entire life. To this sentiment it will cleave with undiminished (*unzersplitterter*) energy, and either attain to happiness, or perish while yet its purposes are unfulfilled. For, to realize his purposes, man requires a developed breadth of moral substance, which alone gives an objective permanence (*Festigkeit*). To this class of characters belong the most charming personages of Romantic Art, such as Shakespeare has created them in most admirable perfection. Such, for example, is Juliet to be esteemed, in "Romeo and Juliet." * * * She may be considered at the commencement of the drama as a childlike,

simple maiden of fourteen or fifteen years. She appears to have no consciousness of herself or of the world, no emotion, no agitation, no desire; but, in her native simplicity, has beheld the surrounding world as in a magic lantern, without learning anything therefrom or arriving at any reflective idea. Suddenly we see the development of the entire strength of this soul, — cunning, prudence, force, sacrifice of all things, submission to the most dreadful [experiences], — so that now the whole appears to us as the bursting forth at once of the perfect rose in all its leaves and folds; as an infinite outpouring of the innermost pure sources of the soul in which hitherto nothing had become distinguished, defined or developed, but which now, as an immediate product of the awakened *single* interest, steps forth unconscious of itself, in its beautiful fullness and power, out of the previously closed spirit. It is a brand which a single spark has inflamed; a bud which, scarcely touched by love, unexpectedly stands out in perfect bloom. And yet, however swiftly it has unfolded, it is stripped of its leaves and sinks away more swiftly still. Even more distinctly is Miranda, in "The Tempest," of this class. Reared in solitude, Shakespeare presents her to us in her first acquaintance with man. He pictures her in two simple scenes, but he gives us therein an absolutely complete representation of her. So, too, Schiller's Thekla, though she is a product of a more reflective poetry, may be named as an example of the same class. Though in the midst of so great and rich a life, she does not become affected by it, but remains without vanity, without reflection, in the naïveté of one single interest which alone animates her. In general, those are especially fine, noble, feminine natures for whom the world, as well as their own inner being, unfolds for the first time in love; so that they seem to be born only then into spiritual life.

It is to the category of such internality, which is unable to bring itself into complete development, that popular songs mainly belong. And this is especially true of the German, which, in its rich concentration, however much it may show itself to be affected by one specific interest, is still able to bring about only isolated manifestations, and by this means to reveal

the depth of the soul. It is this mode of representation which, in its muteness, likewise returns to the symbolical, since what it gives is not the open, clear presentation of the whole inner being, but only a *sign* and intimation thereof. Still we have not here a symbol whose significance, as in the earlier stage, remains a mere abstract generality, but a manifestation whose central significance is precisely this subjective, living, actual soul itself. In the later days of a thoroughly reflective consciousness, which is far removed from the naïveté to which we have referred and which is cencentrated upon itself, such representations are of the utmost difficulty, and give proof of an original poetic genius. Goethe, as we have already seen (and especially in his songs), is a master of this art of symbolic portrayal; that is, of laying open to view the whole truth and infinitude of the soul in a few simple, apparently external, and insignificant characteristics. Of this class is, for example, the King of Thule, one of the most beautiful things Goethe has written. The king gives no sign of his love, save through the cup which he has long preserved as a memento from his loved-one. The carousing old man is about to die. Around him, in the great hall of the palace, are ranged the knights; he makes for his heirs the division of his kingdom and of his treasures; but the cup he casts into the sea. None other shall possess that.

"Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken,
Und sinken tief in's Meer,
Die Augen thäten ihm sinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr."

Nevertheless such deep, silent souls in which is contained the energy of the spirit, like a spark shut up in the flint, do not assume definite outward form; their existence and their reflection thereon do not attain to perfection. Thus they fail to become free through this culture. They remain exposed to this violent contradiction: that when the dissonance of misfortune resounds in their life they possess no aptitude, no bridge to reconcile their own hearts with the actual world, and thus to shield themselves against external circumstances, to support themselves in presence of the same, and to preserve themselves

within themselves. Drawn into collisions, they know not how to escape; they plunge heedlessly into action, or passively permit events to take their own course. Thus, for example, Hamlet is a fine, noble soul. He is by no means weak, yet lacks energetic, vital feeling (*Lebens-gefühl*). Hence, in the torpor of melancholy he gropes, heavy-hearted, in a maze. He has his own keen scent. There is no outward sign, no ground for suspicion, but he has a feeling of insecurity; all is not as it should be; he divines the monstrous deed that has been perpetrated. The shade of his father gives him the clue. From that moment he is inwardly ready for revenge. He thinks constantly of the duty which his own heart has prescribed for him; but he does not permit himself, like Macbeth, to rush at once to action; he does not kill, does not rage, does not strike at once, like Laertes, but preserves in inactivity a fair inner soul which does not make itself actual, and cannot identify itself with the present state of things. He waits, seeks in the fine integrity of his own soul for objective certainty; and yet, even after he has attained to this certainty, he comes to no firm resolution, but permits himself to be guided by outward circumstances. In this unreality he now errs, even in respect of what actually lies before him. Instead of the king he kills the aged Polonius. He proceeds with precipitation where he had desired to be discreet; and, on the contrary, where he has need of active energy, he remains absorbed within himself so far that, without his participation in this broad course of circumstances and accidents, the destiny of the whole has become unfolded along with that of his own inner being, which is ever anew withdrawn into itself.

In modern times, however, this moral disposition makes its appearance among men of the humbler classes, who are destitute both of the culture leading to general aims and of the manifoldness of objective interests. For this reason, when the *one* aim escapes them they are unable to find in any other a support for their inner life and a basis (*Stützpunkt*) for their activity. This lack of culture explains why these taciturn characters (*Gemüther*), in proportion as they are undeveloped, hold fast only so much the more inflexibly and obstinately

to what they have once undertaken, though that be ever so narrow and one-sided. Such monotony of men essentially without words, and shut up within themselves, lies especially in German characters, who for this reason are likely to appear headstrong, bristling, knotty, unapproachable, and in their deeds and manifestations completely uncertain and contradictory. As a master in delineating and representing such reserved (*stummen*) characters of the lower classes, I will here name only Hippel, the author of the *Course of Life in the Ascending Scale*, one of the few really original German works of the humorous type. He holds himself completely aloof from Jean Paul's sentimentality, and from the bad taste of his situations; yet possesses, on the contrary, a wonderful individuality, freshness, and vitality. He understands especially how to delineate in the most striking manner those intense characters who know not how to make room for themselves, and who when they come to act, do so in a violent and fearful fashion. They solve the infinite contradiction of their inner being, and of the unhappy circumstances in the midst of which they are themselves developing, but it is done in a dreadful manner, and thus they complete what would otherwise be accomplished by an external destiny; as, for example, in "Romeo and Juliet," external accidents bring to nought the prudence and ingenuity of the monk and occasion the death of the lovers.

3. Thus, then, these abstract characters show, in general, on the one part, only the immeasurable force of will belonging to particular subjectivity, which assumes importance just as it is, and storms forth in its resoluteness; or contrariwise, it shows us an independently total, unrestricted soul which rests upon some definite phase of its own inner being, and concentrates the breadth and depth of its entire individuality upon this single point; and yet, since it (the particular subjectivity) is still undeveloped outwardly, it falls into collisions, in the midst of which it is unable to collect itself or to act wisely in its efforts to extricate itself. A *third* point which we have now to mention consists in this: that if those characters which are altogether one-sided and limited in their aims,

though still developed in their own consciousness, are to interest us not merely in a *formal* but also in a *substantial* manner, we must form our conception of them in such wise that this narrowness of their individuality shall seem only as a fatality; that is, only as a development of their special peculiarity along with profounder spiritual qualities. This depth and this wealth of the spirit, Shakespeare makes visible to us in his characters. He exhibits them as men of a free imaginative force and of a genial spirit, while their reflection stands above, and renders them superior to what they are in respect of their surroundings and their particular aims, so that they appear driven to the performance of what they bring about only through the misfortune of circumstances, or through the collisions growing out of their position. Still this is not to be understood as if, with Macbeth, for example, what he dared do were to be imputed to the wickedness of the witches. The witches are, far rather, only the poetic image or reflex of his own settled will. What the Shakespearean characters bring about — their particular aim — has its origin and the root of its power in their own individuality. But in one and the same individuality they preserve at the same time that elevation which causes us to forget what they are actually — that is, what they are in their aims, interests, and deeds — and which aggrandizes and ennobles them in their essential natures. So, too, the coarser characters of Shakespeare — Stephano, Trinculo, Pistol, and the absolute hero among all these, Falstaff — remain sunk in their vulgarity, but at the same time they give evidence that they are intelligences whose genius comprehends all in itself, and possesses a wholly free existence. In short, what great men are, these might also be. On the other hand, in French tragedies the greatest and best are, when seen in full light, often enough found to be but strutting, base creatures (*Bestien*) in whom there is only spirit enough to justify themselves by sophisms. In Shakespeare we find no justification, no condemnation, but only the contemplation of a universal destiny whose stand-point of necessity is assumed by the characters without complaint or regret, even though these behold all things, themselves included, sinking in the abyss.

In all these respects the realm of such individual characters presents an infinitely rich field, but one wherein, also, there is great danger of falling into emptiness and platitude; so that there have been very few masters who have possessed sufficient poetic genius and genuine insight to enable them to seize the true [and properly represent it in such themes].

II. Of the Spirit of Adventure.

1. Accidental Character of Enterprises and Collisions.—2. Comic Representation of Adventurous Characters.—3. The Modern Romance.

Since now we have considered the phase of the inner or subjective, so far as this can appear in the representations of the present stage, we must, in the second place, turn our attention also to the external, to the particularity of circumstances and situations which arouse the character, to the collisions in which the character is developed, as well as to the total form which the internal assumes in the midst of concrete actuality.

As we have already more than once observed, it is a fundamental characteristic of Romantic Art that spirituality, the soul as reflected into itself, constitutes a totality; and that, therefore, it relates to the external, not as to something belonging to and pervaded by itself, but as to the merely external which is separated from the inner, or spiritual. [Thus considered, the external is] something which is distinct from and abandoned by spirit, and which thus isolatedly persists (*für sich forttreibt*), develops, and whirls about as a finite, forthflowing, perpetually changing, confused accidentality. To the soul, firmly enclosed within itself, it is thus quite indifferent what are the circumstances it finds itself in presence of; as, again, it is quite accidental what the circumstances may be which present themselves to the soul. For, in its activity, it is of far less importance to the soul that it should bring to completion an independent and thoroughly permanent [external] work than that it should develop itself into universal validity and perform [moral] deeds.

1. In this way there comes to light what may in other respects be called the undeifying of nature. Spirit has with-

drawn itself from the externality of phenomena into itself. Since, therefore, the inner being of subjectivity or spirituality no longer beholds itself in the external, the latter, on its side, also takes shape independently and aside from and without reference to the former. In accordance with its truth, indeed, spirit is in itself mediated and reconciled with the absolute; but in so far as we here stand upon the ground of independent individuality, which proceeds from itself as it immediately finds itself and thus holds fast to itself, in like degree does this undeifying [of nature] concern also the actively employed character, who therefore makes his entrance with his own accidental aims into an accidental world, with which, however, he does not unite himself at once to [the extent of forming with it] an essentially congruent totality. This relativity of aims in the midst of relative conditions — whose determinateness and development do not lie in the individual (*Subject*), but are determined externally and accidentally, and thus bring about accidental collisions as strange, confusedly-intertwined (*durcheinandergeschlungene*) ramifications — constitutes the adventurous, which, for the form of events and deeds, provides the fundamental type of the Romantic.

To action and event, in the more precise sense of the ideal, there belongs an end which is in itself truer and essentially more necessary; in whose content, besides, the determining cause, with reference both to the outer form and to the order and mode of execution, lies in actuality. In the deeds and circumstances of Romantic Art this is not the case. For when here, also, essentially universal and substantial ends are to be represented in their realization, these ends still do not possess within themselves definiteness of action, the ordering and arrangement of their inner course, but must let go this side of the realization, and leave it, therefore, to accidentality.

a. The Romantic world has only an *absolute* work to bring to completion. It has for its task the dissemination of Christianity, the showing forth of the spirit of the Church. In the midst of a hostile world (partly that of incredulous antiquity, partly that of the barbarism and rudeness of the consciousness) this work, until it departed from mere doctrine and entered

upon deeds, was in the main a passive work of the endurance of pain and martyrdom, the sacrifice of individual temporal existence for the eternal welfare of the soul. The further fact (*That*) which relates to the like content is, in the Middle Ages, the work of Christian knighthood, the expelling of the heathen (*der Mauren*), the Arabs, the Mahometans generally, from Christian lands; and, above all, the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre. This was, however, not an end which concerned man as man, but which had to be completed only through the collective totality of particular individuals, so that these now also poured forth voluntarily (*beliebig*) in accordance with their own individuality. In respect of this phase, we may pronounce the Crusades to be the grand collective-adventure of the Christian Middle Ages, an adventure which was, in itself, disjointed (*gebrochen*) and fantastic. It was of a spiritual type, yet without true spiritual aim; and, with reference to its deeds and character, it was false. For, with respect to the religious element, the Crusades have an external scope which is in the last degree empty. Christianity must now find its permanent well-being only in the spirit, in Christ, who is arisen and is at the right hand of God, and whose living actuality finds its dwelling-place in the spirit; not in his tomb, and in the sensuous, immediate present places of his one-sided, temporal abode. The impetuosity and religious aspiration of the Middle Ages, however, sought only for the place, the external locality of the history of the passion and of the Holy Sepulchre. In no less contradictory fashion was the purely secular phase of conquest and gain immediately bound up with the religious aim; for the secular bears in its externality a wholly other character than that of the religious. Thus the people sought to attain to the spiritual and internal, and yet aimed at the mere external locality, from which the spirit had departed. Again, they strove after temporal advantage, and joined this temporality on to the religious as such. This two-foldness constitutes here the disjointed, phantastic quality in which the external perverts the internal, and the internal the external, instead of bringing both into harmony. Thus, in their realization, these two terms appear as two irreconcilable

opposites which have been joined together. Piety becomes transformed into rudeness and barbarous ferocity, and this rudeness, which permits every species of selfishness and human passion to break forth, casts itself again, on the contrary, into the perpetual, deep emotion and contrition of the spirit upon which it specially depends. With these opposing elements, then, there is wanting any single and same purpose in the deeds and events, so that there is no unity or sequence of direction. The totality dissolves, breaks up into adventures, conquests, defeats, promiscuous accidentalities; and the sequel does not correspond to the means and vast preparations. Nay, even the very end itself becomes cancelled through its own attainment. For the Crusades would again verify the words: Thou wilt not permit Him to remain in the grave; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. But this longing to seek Christ, the living, to find the satisfaction of the spirit, in such a place — in the place of the dead — is itself, however much vitality (*Wesen*) Chateaubriand may ascribe to it, only a corruption (*Verwesung*) of the spirit, above which Christianity must rise in order to return to the fresh, full life of concrete actuality.

A similar aim, mystic on the one side, fantastic on the other, and in its pursuit adventurous, is the Quest of the Holy Grail.

b. A higher work is that which each man has to complete within himself, namely, his own life, through which he determines his own eternal destiny. This object has, for example, been conceived by Dante in his *Divina Commedia*, according to the Catholic conception, since therein he conducts us through hell, purgatory, and heaven. Even here, in spite of the rigorous arrangement of the whole, there are not wanting either fantastic conceptions or adventurous phases, in so far as this work of reward and punishment (*Beseligung und Verdammniss*) appears in the representation, not merely in and for itself in its universality, but as completed in a countless number of individuals in their particularity. And, aside from these, the *poet* arrogates to himself the right of the Church, takes in his own hand the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, pro-

nounces blessing and condemnation, and constitutes himself the judge of the world, and assigns the most renowned individuals of the ancient and the Christian world — poets, citizens, warriors, cardinals, popes — to hell, to purgatory, or to paradise.

c. The other materials which lead to actions and events exist, then, upon a secular basis. They are the infinite, manifold adventures of the imagination, the external and internal accidentality of love, honor, and fidelity. Here, to enter into conflict for the sake of one's own honor; there, to fly to the aid of persecuted innocence; to accomplish the most marvellous exploits in honor of one's mistress; or, through the might of one's own hand, and the ability of one's own arms, to relieve oppressed right, even though the "innocence" (*Unschuld*) should appear under the form of a chain-gang of criminals [such are the aims in the present sphere]. In the greater part of this material there is at hand no crisis (*Lage*), no [critical] situation, no conflict through which the action becomes *necessary;* but the individual sets forth and deliberately *seeks* adventures. Thus, for example, the deeds of love have here (for the most part, and in accordance with their special content) no other purpose (*Bestimmung*) than this: to give proof of the firmness, of the fidelity, of the permanence of love. The surrounding actuality, with the entire complex of its relations, is of value only as a material through which love is to be made manifest. Thus the definite fact of this manifestation, since it depends only upon the verification itself, is not determined through itself, but is subject to caprice, to the whim of the woman, to the arbitrariness of outer accidentality. Quite the same thing occurs in case of the aims of *honor* and *valor*. They belong for the greater part to the individual (*Subjekt*), far removed as it still is from all further substantial content, and which introduces itself into every content that by chance lies at hand, and finds itself wounded therein, or can find therein an opportunity to prove its courage and its adroitness. As no standard is here given by which it might be determined what shall be content and what not, so also there is complete lack of rule as to what may be consid-

ered an actual wounding of honor, and what is the true object of valor. With the maintenance of *right*, which is likewise an aim of knighthood, there is no essential difference. Right and law, indeed, do not here prove to be an essential, independent, and (in accordance with law and its necessary content) always self-completing object and aim. Rather they prove themselves to belong only to subjective caprice; so that not only the interference, but also the judgment of the same — what in this or that case may be right or wrong — is still left to the accidental opinion of subjectivity or individuality.

2. What we have before us in general, therefore, especially in the sphere of the secular — in chivalry and in the formalism of character [pertaining thereto] — is, in greater or less degree, the accidentality both of the objects within which the action takes place and of the soul which wills [the performance of the action]. For those one-sided individual figures may accept for their content the wholly accidental, which can be sustained (*getragen*) only through the energy of their characters, and which will be carried out or prove abortive in consequence of collisions which are conditioned from without. Thus it happens that in chivalry the higher or truly moral is placed upon the same level with honor, love, and fidelity. On the one hand, through the particularity (*Einzelnheit*) of circumstances, upon which it [the moral] reacts, it comes to be directly an accidentality, since, instead of a universal work, only particular aims are to be realized; and [in such case] essential and necessary relations are wanting. On the other hand, in respect of the subjective spirit of the individual, there is found caprice or deception, with relation to [fantastic] projects as opposed to [rational] plans and undertakings. This entire phase of adventurousness, therefore, consistently carried out, proves in its deeds and enterprises, as well as in the consequences of the same, to be a self-destructive, and, therefore, comic world of accidents and fatalities.

The decay of chivalry is portrayed with especial effect in Ariosto and Cervantes, while the peculiarity of individual

characters belonging thereto is most adequately represented in Shakespeare.

a. What is especially amusing in Ariosto is the boundless development of destinies and aims, the fabulous entanglement of fantastic relations and comic (*närrischer*) situations, with which the poet plays adventurously, even to frivolity. It is sheer folly and madness, which the hero must take quite seriously. Above all, love here sinks away from the divine love of Dante, and from the fantastic tenderness of Petrarch, to sensual, obscene stories and ridiculous collisions, while heroism and valor appear strained to such a point as no longer to excite a credulous astonishment, but only to occasion laughter at the fabulousness of the deeds. But along with the indifference in respect to the form and fashion in which the situations take shape, in which strange divisions and conflicts are occasioned, begun, broken off, again become involved, are cut short, and at length are ended in an unexpected manner; with all this, no less than with the humorous treatment of chivalry, Ariosto knows quite as well how to preserve and bring to light whatever there is that is noble and great in chivalry — courage, love, honor, and valor — how to portray in a striking manner the other passions, such as craftiness, cunning, presence of mind, etc.

b. If Ariosto inclines rather to the *fabulous* side of adventurousness, Cervantes, on the contrary, adopts the style of *Romance*. In his Don Quixote, it is a noble nature with whom chivalry has become a madness, while we find the adventurousness of the character placed in the midst of the settled, definite conditions of an actuality portrayed precisely in accordance with its external relations. This presents the comic contradiction between a rational, self-regulated world and an isolated soul which desires to create this order and fixity (*Festigkeit*), in the first place, through itself and through chivalry, notwithstanding the fact that, through chivalry, regularity and order could only be overthrown. In spite of this comic aberration, however, there is all that in Don Quixote which we have previously commended in Shakespeare. Cer-

vantes has also created his hero with an originally noble nature, possessing many-sided spiritual gifts which at the same time always truly interest us. Don Quixote is a soul who, in his madness, has become perfectly assured of himself and his affairs, or rather the madness consists precisely in this: that he is and remains so assured of himself and his affairs. Without this unreflecting tranquility with respect to the content and consequence of his deeds, he would not be genuinely romantic; while at the same time this imperturbable assurance in relation to the substantial nature of his conceptions is throughout great and genial, and adorned with the most beautiful characteristics. Nevertheless, the whole work is, on the one side, a perpetual scoffing at Romantic chivalry. It is throughout a genuine irony, while with Ariosto the like adventurousness remains only a frivolous amusement. On the other side, however, the occurrences belonging especially to Don Quixote are only the thread on which are ranged, in the most delightful manner, a whole series of genuinely romantic novels, in order to show that to be preserved in its true worth which the other portion of the romance dissolves by ridicule.

c. Just as we here see chivalry, even in its more serious interests, reduced to ridicule, so Shakespeare either places comic figures and scenes in opposition to his firm individual characters and tragical situations and conflicts, or he elevates those characters, through a profound humor, above themselves and their vulgar (*schroffen*), narrow, and false aims. For example, Falstaff, the fool in King Lear, the scene of the musicians in Romeo and Juliet, are of the first, while Richard III. is of the second class.

3. To this dissolution of the Romantic, as far as concerns its form up to this point, there is joined in the third place, finally, the *romantic* in the modern sense of the word, and which is chronologically preceded by the romances of chivalry and those of a pastoral type. The romantic in this sense is again something to be taken seriously. It is chivalry become an actual content. The accidentality of external existence has become transformed into a substantial, secure order of civil society and the State, so that now magistrates, courts of jus-

tice, armies, the general government, make their appearance in the place of the chimerical aims which the knight formed for himself. Thus the chivalry of the heroes of modern romances becomes transformed. These, as individuals, with their subjective aims of love, honor, ambition, or with their ideals for the improvement of the world, assume a hostile attitude toward this existing order and prose of actuality which upon all sides lies as difficulties in their way, whence the subjective wishes and demands intensify themselves, in this contradiction, to an immeasurable degree. For each finds before him a world under enchantment and to be condemned, — a world which he must do battle against, since it closes itself against him, and in its stern inflexibility refuses to yield to his passions, but interposes as a hindrance the will of a father, of an aunt, of a civil relation, etc., etc. These modern knights are generally youths who, since the course of the world does not realize their ideal, must break through the same. They hold it to be a misfortune that there should be such relations as those of the family, of civil society, of the State, of law, of a calling, etc., because these substantial relations of life with their limitations grimly oppose the ideals and the infinite rights of the heart. It behooves, then, to make a breach in this order of things, to transform and improve the world; or at least, in spite of the world, to carve out of it a heaven on earth, to seek and find a maiden who is what she should be, and to gain her, by persuasion, or by conquest and defiance, from morose relatives, or other unfavorable connections. But these conflicts are, in the modern world, nothing further than the disciplinary period (*Lehrjahre*), the education of the individual for the succeeding actuality, and thus preserve their true significance. For the end of such apprenticeship consists in this: that the individual attains to wisdom through his experience (*die Hörner abläuft*), conforms in his wishes and beliefs to the existing relations and their rationality, takes his place in the established order of the world, and in it acquires a favorable standpoint. However much he may have fallen out with the world, however much he may have been jostled about, at last, in most cases, he obtains his maiden, and per-

haps a position, marries and becomes a Philistine[1] just like others. The wife superintends the household; children are not wanting; the adored woman, who was at first the "only" one, and an "angel," proves, perchance, to be precisely like all others; responsibility brings work and vexation, marriage its domestic difficulties, and so there is the whole story of commonplace and tedious trivialty. We perceive here the same character of adventurousness, only that this now finds its true significance, and the fantastic must thus undergo its necessary correction.

JACOB BOEHME.

[TRANSLATED FROM HEGEL'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, BY EDWIN D. MEAD.]

(II.)

While Boehme calls all forces the Father, he distinguishes these, again, as the *seven first fountain-spirits*. But here there is confusion; no determination of thought, no fixed distinction, by reason of which the number is precisely seven; such accuracy we do not find in him. "These seven qualities are also the seven *planets*, which work in the great *salitter* of God; the seven planets signify the seven spirits of God, or the princes of the angels." But they are in the Father as one unity; and this unity is a source, and stirring in itself. "In God triumph all spirits as one spirit, and one spirit always helps and loves the others, and there is nothing but simple joy and delight. One spirit stands not beside the other, as the stars in the heaven, but all seven are in one another, as one spirit. Each spirit of the seven spirits of God is with all the seven spirits of God pregnant." Each is thus in God himself a totality. "One produces the others in and through itself." This is the illumination of the life of all qualities.

2. As the First is the source and germ of all forces and qualities, so the Second is their sprouting (arising, or manifesta-

[1] *I. e.* an unromantic prosy individual.

tion). This second principle is a cardinal idea which appears in Boehme, under very many forms and methods — as, the Word, the Separator, the Revelation, the selfhood generally, the source of all separation, of the will, and of the being-in-self which exist in the powers of natural things; so that, however, at the same time, the light therein arises which leads them back to rest.

a. God, as the simple, absolute Being, is not God absolutely; in Him nothing is perceivable. What we perceive is something else; but this something else is contained in God himself, as God's contemplation and conception. Concerning the Second, Boehme, therefore, says: A separation must have occurred in this "temperament." "No thing can become apparent without *opposition;* for if it has nothing which opposes it, it forever goes forth out of, but enters not again into itself. But if it enters not again into itself, as into that out of which it originally proceeded, then it knows nothing of its *Urstand*." He uses the latter expression (*Urstand*) for *substance;* and it is a pity that we cannot use this and so many other strikingly suitable expressions. "Without opposition life has no *sensibility* — willing, working, understanding, or knowledge. If the hidden God, who is a simple Being and Will, had not manifested Himself with His will out of Himself, out of the eternal knowledge, in *Temperamento*, in separateness of the will, and this separateness in an identity — in a natural and creaturesome life; and if this separateness in life were not engaged in a struggle, how could the will of God, which is but one, become manifest to it? How can there be, in a single will, a knowledge of itself?" We see that Boehme has risen infinitely above the empty abstraction of the "highest Being," etc.

Boehme continues: "The beginning of all beings is the *Word*, as the out-breathing of God; and God has been from eternity the eternal One, and so eternally remains. The *Word* is the eternal beginning, and as such it eternally remains; for it is the revelation of the eternal One with which and through which the divine power is brought to a knowledge of somewhat. By the Word we understand the revealed will of God;

by the word "God," the hidden God out of whom the Word eternally flows. The Word is the outflow of the divine One, and yet God himself, as his revelation." Λόγος is more accurate than Word; and it is a fine ambiguity of the Greek expression that it signifies at the same time reason and language, for language is the pure existence of spirit; it is a thing that, perceived, is returned into itself. "That which flows out is *Wisdom*, of all powers, colors, virtues, and qualities the beginning and the cause."

This is the *Son*, of whom Boehme says: "The Son is," from the Father and "in the Father — the Father's heart or light; and the Father brings Him forth forever, from eternity to eternity. The Son is," therefore, indeed, "another person than the Father, yet not another," but the same "God as the Father," whose resplendence he is. "The Son is the heart," that which pulsates "in the Father. All powers which are in the Father are the Father's property. The Son is the heart, or kernel, in all the powers of the Father; yet He is the cause of the joy which rises in all the powers of the Father. From Him arises the eternal heavenly joy, and flows forth into all the Father's powers, even as the sun is the heart of the stars. The sun represents rightly the Son, the circle of the stars represent the Father's varied powers; the sun illuminates the heaven, the stars, and the space above the earth, and works in all things which are in this world. It gives to all the stars light and power, and tempers their power. As the sun is born of the stars, so from eternity is the Son of God ever born of all the powers of his Father, but not made, and is the heart and resplendence of all powers. He shines in all powers of the Father, and His power is the moving, forth-flowing joy in all powers of the Father; and He shines throughout the Father as the sun throughout the world. For if the Son shone not in the Father, then were the Father a dark valley; and the Father's power would not flow from eternity to eternity. The divine Being could not exist." This activity of the Son is a main point in Boehme's system; and, concerning this forth-flowing and manifesting, Boehme brings the most important determinations possible to bear.

b. "From such a revelation of the forces in which the will of the Eternal One views itself, flows the understanding and the knowledge of the Aught — the Ego — because the eternal Will contemplates itself in the Aught, or Ego." Aught is a pun on the word naught; for, although it is the negative, it is at the same time the contrary of the naught, since the aught — the somewhat — is the Ego of self-consciousness. The Son, the aught, somewhat, is thus an Ego, consciousness — self-consciousness; God is, therefore, not alone the abstract neutral, but also the self-gathering into the point of being-for-self. Thus the *other* of God is the *image* of God. "This image is the *mysterium magnum*, as the Creator of all beings and creatures; for it is the *Separator* [of all] in the outflow of the will, which makes the will of the Eternal One separable — the separableness in the will, out of which proceed all powers and qualities." This Separator is ordained the governor of nature, by whom the eternal Will rules, makes, forms, and shapes all things. The Separator is the active, the self-distinguishing; and Boehme names this aught or Ego, also Lucifer, the first-born son of God, the creaturesome, first-born angel, who was one of the seven spirits. But this Lucifer fell, and Christ came in his place. This is the connection of the devil with God, viz.: the *otherness*, and then the being-for-self, or being-for-one, so that the other is for one; and this is the origin of evil in God and from God. This is the profoundest attainment of Jacob Boehme's thinking. This fall of Lucifer he makes conceivable, thus: that the Ego — *i. e.*, the knowledge-of-self, the Egohood (a word which he uses), the self-imaging-in-self, the self-forming-in-self (the being-for-self) — is the fire that consumes all in itself. This is the negative in the Separator, the torture; or it is the *wrath* of God. This wrath of God is hell, with its devil, who images Himself through Himself to Himself. This is very bold and speculative. Boehme thus seeks to prove the source of the divine wrath to be in God himself. He also calls the will of the Ego, or aught, the self-hood; it is the transition of the aught into naught which the Ego images for itself to itself. He says: "Heaven and hell are as far from each other as day and night, as aught and naught."

Boehme here, indeed, has entered into the very depth of the divine Being; the evil, matter, or whatever it may be called, is the I=I, the being-for-self, the true negativity. Formerly the *nonens*, which is itself positive, was called darkness. The true negativity, however, is the Ego. It is not something bad because it is called the evil; in Spirit alone the evil is as it is in itself, since in spirit it is comprehended as it is. "Where the will of God wills in a thing, there God is revealed; in such revelation the angels also dwell. And wherever in a thing God wills not with the will of the thing, God is not there revealed to Himself; but he dwells [there] *only in himself*, without the co-working of that thing. In that case there is in the thing its own will, and there dwell within it the devil and all that is out of God."

The next form of this appearing, Boehme represents, figuratively, in his manner, thus: This "*Separator* produces qualities out of Himself. From this comes the infinite manifoldness, and through this the eternal One makes itself sensible [so that it is for others], not according to the unity, but according to the outflow of the unity." Even thus are being-in-self and manifoldness absolutely opposed through a conception which Boehme lacks, namely, being-for-self is at once being-for-another and the taking it back, as the other side. Boehme strays hither and thither in apparent contradictions, not rightly knowing how to help himself. "But the outflow carries itself, even to the greatest *sharpness*, into the fiery condition" — the dark fire without light, the darkness, the closedness, the selfhood — "in which fiery condition," however, while this fire lifts and points itself, "the eternal One becomes majestic and a *light;*" and this there-outbreaking light is the form into which the other principle proceeds. This is the return to the One. "Through this [through fire] the eternal power becomes eager and active, and [the fire] is the original condition of the sensitive life, because in the *Word* of the powers an eternal, sensitive life is its original condition. For if life had no sensibility, it would have neither willing nor working; but the *pain*, [the agitation, torture] makes it [all life] first working and willing. And the light of such kindling,

through the fire, makes it joyful; for it is an annointing with salve, the joy and loveliness of pain."

Boehme expounds this in many forms, in order to conceive the Ego, the Separator, as he "uplifts" Himself out of the Father. The qualities rise in the great *salitter*, move, lift, "censure" themselves. Boehme has in the Father the quality of *bitterness;* and he represents the appearing of the Ego as a becoming harsh or sharp, a drawing together, as a stroke of lightning that flashes forth. This light is Lucifer. The being-for-self, self-perceiving, Boehme calls drawing together into one point. That is harshness, sharpness, penetration, *fierceness;* to this pertains the wrath of God; and here, in this way, Boehme conceives the *other* of God in God Himself. "This source can be kindled through the great censuring and uplifting. Through the drawing together the created being is formed, which is imaged for the understanding as a heavenly *corpus*. If it, however, [the harshness,] be kindled through uplifting (which is only possible to the creatures that are created out of the *salitter*), then it is a burning artery of the wrath of God. Lightning is the mother of light, for the lightning gives birth to light from itself; and it is the father of fury, for fury abides in the lightning, as a seed in the father. And the same lightning also produces *tone* or *sound;*" — lightning is, in general, the absolute producer. Lightning is still accompanied by pain; the light is the self-explaining. The divine birth is the appearing of the lightning, the life of all qualities. All this fire-giving is from the "Aurora."

In the *Quæstionibus Theosophicis*, Boehme uses — and especially for the *Separator* — the form of *yea* and *nay* to signify this opposition. He says: "The reader must know that in *yea* and *nay* all things consist, be they divine, devilish, earthly, or whatever they may be called. The One, as the *yea*, is mere power and life, and is the truth of God, or God himself. This were in itself unknowable, and there were therein no joy or uplifting, nor sensibility [life] without the *nay*. The nay is a rebound of the yea, or the truth; [this negativity is the principle of all knowing, of understanding] in order that the truth may

be manifest, and become something wherein there may be a *contrarium*, and wherein the eternal love, working, feeling, willing, and the to-be-loved may be. Yet we cannot say that the yea is asunder from the nay, and that these are two things side by side; but they are only one thing, separating, however, into two beginnings, and making two *centra;* since each works and wills in itself. Without these two, which yet stand in unceasing strife, all things were a nothing, and would stand still, without movement.. If the eternal Will flowed not out from itself, and directed itself not into pleasure, then were there no form nor distinction, but all powers were only one power. So, also, could there be no understanding; for understanding originates [has its substance] in the differences of the manifoldness, since one quality observes, proves, and wills the others. The outflowed Will wills the unlike, in order that it may distinguish from the like and be its own somewhat; in order that there may be somewhat which the eternal Seeing may see and feel. And from the Will itself originates the nay; for it lives in its own essence, as its self-agreeableness. But it wants to be somewhat, and hence likes not the unity; for the unity is an outflowing yea, which remains eternally a breathing out of itself, and is an insensibility; having nothing wherein it may feel itself, since only in the reabsorbtion of the sent-forth Will, as in the nay, which is a contrary of the yea, does the yea become manifest, and only therein it has somewhat which it can will. And the nay is called a nay because it is an inward-turned craving, including the naught in the aught. The outflowed, desiring Will is contracting, and grasps itself in itself; from this arise forms and qualities: (1) sharpness, (2) movement, (3) sensation. (4) The fourth property is the fire, as the lightning of the brightness, which originates in the joining of the great, troubled *sharpness* and the unity. There is, therefore, a shock in the joining, and in this shock the unity is seized as a glance or brightness, as a rising joy." This is the breaking of the unity. "Thus the light originates in the darkness; for the unity comes to a light, and the desire of the craving Will in the qualities comes to a spirit-fire, which has its source and origin in the harsh, cold sharpness. And, accordingly, God is

an angry and jealous God;" and therein lies the evil. "(*a*) The first quality of the contracting is the nay, (*b*) sharpness, (*c*) hardness, (*d*) sensibility, (*e*) fire-source, hell, concealment. (5) The fifth quality, love, makes in fire, as in pain, another *principium*, as a great love-fire."

These are the chief outlines of the characterization of the Second. In this depth Boehme struggles about, because he lacks logical terms, and has only religious and chemical forms of expression; and since he uses these in forced meanings, in order to explain his ideas, the result of the effort is, not only barbarism of expression, but also unintelligibility.

c. "Out of this eternal working of the sensibility the visible world has risen; the world is the outflowed word, which develops itself into qualities, since in qualities the particular will has originated. The *Separator* has brought it into a particular willing, after such a form." The Cosmos is nothing other than the essence of God made creaturesome. "When thou beholdest," therefore, "the depth" of the heavens, "the stars, the elements, the earth," and their productions, "then thou gatherest with thine eyes," indeed, "not the bright and clear Godhead, although it is" also "therein." Thou beholdest only its creaturesome exhibition. "But if thou liftest up thy thoughts and thinkest on God, who reigns in holiness in this all, then thou breakest through the heaven of all heavens, and seizest God at His holy heart. The powers of heaven work ever in images, plants, and colors to reveal the holy God, that He may be recognized in all things."

3. The third, finally, in these forms of the Trinity, is the unity of the light or the *Separator*, and the power. This is the Spirit, which already is implied partially in the foregoing. "All the stars express the power of the Father; from them is the sun" (they make themselves an opposition to the unity). "Now, out of all the stars goes forth the power that is in every star; now, also, goes forth the power of the sun, heat and brightness, into the depth," back to the stars, into the power of the Father. "In the depth is the power of all the stars, with the brightness and heat of the sun, one thing — a moving agitation like a spirit. Now, in the entire depth of the Father,

outside the Son, is nothing but the manifold and immeasurable power of the Father and the light of the Son; this is in the depth of the Father a living, all-powerful, all-knowing, all-hearing, all-seeing, all-smelling, all-tasting, all-feeling Spirit, in which are all power, and brightness, and wisdom, as in the Father and the Son." This is love, the softening of all powers through the light of the Son. We see that the sensuous thus belongs to it.

Boehme has substantially this representation: "God's essence [gone forth from the eternal depth as world] is thus not something remote, belonging to a certain place or region; for [the essence] the ground of nature and creation is God himself. Thou must not think, that there is in heaven a *corpus*, as it were," — the seven fountain-spirits produce this *corpus*, or heart — "which above everything else is called God. No, but the whole divine power which is itself heaven, and the heaven of all heavens, is also born, and is called God, the Father, from whom all the angels of God, also the human souls, are eternally born. Thou canst name no place, neither in heaven nor in this world, where the divine birth is not. The birth of the Holy Trinity takes place also in thy heart; all the three persons are born in thy heart, God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. In the divine power everywhere is the fountain of divine birth; there already are all the seven fountain-spirits of God, as if thou enclosedst a spacious, creaturesome circle, and hadst the Godhead therein." In each spirit all are contained.

This Trinity is to Boehme the entire, universal life in every individual; it is the absolute substance. He says: "Everything in this world has become after the likeness of this Trinity. Ye blind Jews, Turks, and heathen, open the eyes of your mind; I must show you in your love, and in all natural things — in men, animals, birds, and worms, as well as in wood, stones, herbs, foliage, and grass — the likeness of the holy Trinity in God. You say there is a single nature in God — God has no Son. Open now thine eyes and observe thyself! A man is made after the likeness, and from the power of God in His Trinity. Observe thine inner man; then wilt thou see

this clearly and purely, if thou art not a fool and an unreasoning animal. Thus observe: in thy heart, arteries, and brain thou hast thy spirit; all the power which moves in thy heart, arteries, and brain, wherein stands thy life, denotes God the Father. Out of the power thy light uplifts [produces] itself, that thou in this power canst see, understand, and know what thou shouldst do; for the same light shines in thy whole body, and the whole body moves in power and perception. This is the Son, who is born in thee." This light, this seeing, understanding, is the Second determination; it is the relation to itself. "Out of thy light there go into this power reason, understanding, art, and wisdom, to rule the whole body, and also to distinguish all that is out of the body. And these two are, in the constitution of thy mind, one thing — *thy spirit;* and this denotes God the Holy Ghost. And the Holy Spirit from God rules also in this spirit in thee, if thou art a child of the light, and not of darkness. Now observe: in wood, stones, and herbs are three things, and nothing can be born or grow if, in a thing, one of the three should be wanting. First we have the power out of which a body originates, be it of wood, or stone, or a plant. Next there is in this [thing] a sap, which is the heart of the thing; and, thirdly, there is in the thing an uprising force, smell, or taste, which is its spirit, and by which it grows and increases. Now, if one among the three is wanting, no thing can exist." Thus Boehme contemplates everything as this Trinity.

When he deals with the particulars, we see that he becomes obscure; out of these particulars we cannot, therefore, obtain much. As a specimen of his manner of conceiving natural things, I will give only a single example more, showing the way in which the further pursuit of the idea of the existence of nature as an opposition to the divine knowledge, he uses, as logical terms, what we call things. The creaturesome, he says, has "three sorts of powers, or *spiritus*, in different *centris*, but in one *corpore*. (*a*) The first and outer *spiritus* is the coarse sulphur, salt, and *mercurius*, which is a substance of the four elements [fire, water, earth, air] or of the constellation. It forms the visible *corpus*, according to the constellation of

the stars, or quality of the planets, and now inflamed elements — the greatest power of the *spiritus mundi*. The *Separator* makes the designation or *mark*" [the selfhood]. The salt, the *salitter*, is the neutral; the *mark*, the working, the unrest, in reference to the nourishment; the coarse sulphur, the negative unity. (*b*) "The other *spiritus* lies in the *oil* of the sulphur, the fifth essence, as a root of the four elements. This is the softening and joy of the coarse, painful sulphur, and salt spirit; the real cause of the growing life, a joy of nature, as the sun is in the elements" [the immediate life-principle]. "In the inner ground of that coarseness we see a fair, clear *corpus*, in which shines the light of nature therein formed from the divine outflow." That which is taken up is signified by the outer Separator in the forming and form of the plant, which takes into itself this coarse nourishment. (*c*) "The third is the *Tincture*, a spiritual fire and light: the deepest ground, from which originates the first distinction of qualities in the substance of this world. *Fiat* is the Word of everything, and belongs, according to its very quality, to eternity. Its source is the holy power of God. The *smell* is the sensibility of this Tincture. The elements are only a receptacle and opposition to the inner power, a cause of the movement of the Tincture." The sensible things lose entirely the power of this sensible conception; Boehme uses them, but not as such, for determinations of thought; this makes the hardness and barbarity of the Boehmian presentation, but at the same time produces this unity with the reality and this presence of the infinite Being.

The opposition in creation Boehme describes as follows: If nature is the original outflow of the *Separator*, two sorts of life are to be understood, in the opposites of the divine Being: beyond that temporal life, an eternal life, to which divine understanding is given. It stands in the ground of the eternal, spiritual world, in the *mysterio magno* of the divine opposition [selfhood]; a receptacle of the divine Will, through which it manifests itself, being manifested in no particularity of particular will. The man who stands in this centre has both lives in himself; he is of time and of eternity; is (*a*), in general, in

the "eternal understanding of the sole good Will, which is a *temperament;* (*b*) the original Will of nature, as the comprehensibility in itself of *centrorum*, since each *centrum* in the diversity contracts itself into a point, to Egohood and self-willing — as a particular *mysterium*, or mind. The former wants only an opposition to its identity; this — the self-born natural will, in place of the Egohood of dark Impression — wants also an identity, as an opposition, on account of its own comprehensibility; through which comprehending it wants nothing except its corporality as a natural ground." This Ego, now — the dark, the torture, the fire, the wrath of God, the being-in-self, the conceiving-in-self, the harshness — this it is which, in the new birth, is broken up; the Ego is broken to pieces; the torture is brought into the true rest, as the dark fire breaks out into light.

These are the chief thoughts of Boehme. The deepest are: (*a*) the generation of light, as the Son of God, from the qualities, through the most living dialectic; (*b*) God's diremption of Himself. As little as the barbarism in the execution can be denied, even so little can we deny the great profoundness which exercises itself with the uniting of the most absolute contradictions. Boehme seizes the contradictions in the harshest, crudest manner; but he does not allow himself to be prevented by their brittleness from fixing the unity. This crude and barbaric profoundness, which is without conception, is ever a presence, a speaking out of itself, which has and knows all in itself. There still remains to be mentioned Boehme's religious nature, his edifying discourse, the progress of the soul in his writings. This is in the highest degree deep and earnest; and if one is familiar with his forms, one will find this depth and earnestness. But it is a form to which one cannot reconcile one's self, and which admits of no accurate representation in detail, although no one can deny that this man possessed a profound speculative impulse.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF IMMANUEL KANT.]

BY A. E. KROEGER.

§ 29. — Concerning the Sensuous Power of Productive Imagination According to its Different Kinds.

There are three different kinds of the Sensuous Power of Productive Imagination. These are the *constructive* power of contemplation in space (*imaginatio plastica*), the *associating* power of contemplation in time (*imaginatio associans*), and the *relating* power, which deals with the common derivation of our representations from each other.

A. The Sensuous Power of Imagination as a Constructive Power.

Before an artist can represent a bodily form palpably, as it were, he must have constructed it in his Power of Imagination, and the form is in that case a fiction, which, if it arises involuntarily, as in dreams, is called a *phantasy*, and does not belong to the artist; but which, if directed by free will, is called a *composition* or an *invention*. If the artist, furthermore, works after images that resemble the works of nature, his products are called *natural;* but if he works after images that do not occur in nature, such objects are called fantastic, unnatural, caricatures; and such works are, as it were, dream-pictures of a waking man (*velut ægri somnia vanæ finguntur species*). We often and enjoyingly play with our power of imagination; but our imagination also plays very often — and frequently very inopportunely — with us.

The play of imagination with us in our sleep is called dreaming, and occurs even when we are healthy. But if it takes place when we are awake, it betrays an unhealthy condition. Sleep, as the relaxation of all our faculties of external perception, and specially of arbitrary motions, seems to be neces-

sary for all animals, nay, even in plants (in accordance with the analogy between the latter and the former), in order that they may recuperate the forces used up while awake. But the same seems to be the case in regard to dreams; so that our vital forces, if they were not always kept aroused in sleep by dreams, would expire, and the deepest sleep would necessarily bring death along at the same time. If we do say sometimes, nevertheless, that we have had a profound sleep, without dreams, it means, after all, probably nothing more than that we do not remember those dreams when waking up. This, indeed, when our fancies succeed each other quickly, may happen even when we are awake — as, for instance, when we are *distrait;* in which condition, when some one asks us what we have been thinking about all the time — we having gazed with fixed look at a certain point all the while — we answer, Nothing! If there were not on awakening many gaps in our memory (connecting links between the images of our dreams, which we have passed over through inattention), and if we were in the following night to begin dreaming again where we left off on the previous night, I do not know but we should fancy that we were living in two different worlds. Dreaming is a wise arrangement of nature to excite our vital force by means of emotions which are related to arbitrarily conceived events; while those movements of the body that depend upon our free will, namely, those of the muscles, are suspended. But we must not take the visions of our dreams to be revelations of an invisible world.

B. The Sensuous Power of Imagination as an Associating Power.

The law of association is this: that empirical representations, which follow each other, effect a habit in the mind of connecting the last one with the one preceding it. It is in vain to seek for a physiological explanation of this phenomenon, whatsoever hypothesis one chooses (which hypothesis is, after all, again a fiction) — as, for instance, that of Descartes, with his so-called material ideas in the brain. At any rate, none of these expla-

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nations are *pragmatical*; that is, they cannot be used for any practical purpose, since we have no knowledge of the brain, and the places therein, in which we might discover the traces of representative impressions sympathetically harmonized by contact with each other, as it were, at least mediately.

The close vicinity however, oftentimes goes so far, and the power of imagination goes from the hundreth to the thousandth link often so quickly that it seems as if we had skipped certain connecting links in the chain of our representations, although not having become conscious of them; so that we often need to ask ourselves, Where was I? At what point did I begin the conversation, and how did I arrive at this conclusion?[1]

C. The Sensuous Power of Imagination as a Relating Power.

In speaking about the relation of representations, I speak of the union which results from the derivation of the manifold from one common ground.

In social intercourse it is in form a sort of nonsense, breaking off and disturbing all conversation, for people to jump from one topic of discussion to another utterly foreign subject; a bad habit, which is caused by the empirical association of notions that are of purely subjective origin. (In one man notions are associated in one way, and otherwise in another). It is only when one topic of conversation has been exhausted, and a short pause intervenes, that a person can introduce another interesting subject. When the power of imagination is made to roam about without rule or guidance, simply by the change of representations that are not connected by anything

[1] Hence a person who starts a social conversation must begin with that which is near and present to him, and thus gradually lead on to that which is more remote, in so far as he can make it interesting. The bad weather is, for this purpose, an excellent medium for any one who comes in from the street and enters a social gathering. But to start a conversation, for instance, by citing the latest news from Turkey, as ascertained from the newspapers, would do violence to the imagination of others, who cannot understand why conversation should be turned precisely on the subject of Turkey. The mind needs for the communication of all its thoughts a certain order, as much in conversation as in a sermon.

objective, the brain gets so confused that a person who comes from a conversation of this kind feels as if he had been dreaming. There must always be a theme, as well in solitary thinking as in the communication of thoughts, by which we connect the manifold of our representations; and hence the understanding also must always be employed in our thinking; but in the present instance of association the play of imagination follows the laws of sensuousness, which furnishes the material for the imagination. Hence the association is here formed without consciousness of a rule, although according to a rule, namely, of sensuousness; or, it is here formed *conformably* to the understanding, though not *derived from* the understanding.

The word relation (*affinitas*) recalls here to mind an analogical reciprocal relation — taken from the science of chemistry — of two specifically distinct, material ingredients, intimately acting upon each other and striving to effect a unity; in which case this uniting of both, forms a third body, with qualities that can be produced only by the union of two heterogeneous elements. In spite of their heterogeneousness, our understanding and sensuousness so assimilate of their own accord towards the production of our cognition that it seems as if the one were the product of the other, or as if both had a common origin, which, however, cannot be the case; at any rate, it is to us incomprehensible how heterogeneous elements can originate from one and the same source.[2]

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[2] The two first mentioned kinds of the combination of our representations might be called *mathematical* combinations (of enlargement), and the third a *dynamical* combination (of generation), whereby an entirely new substance is produced — as, for instance, a neutral salt in chemistry. The play of forces in inanimate as well as animate nature, in the soul as well as the body, is based upon the analysis and synthesis of the heterogeneous. It is true that we arrive at a cognition thereof only through our perception of their effects; but the highest cause and the simple components wherein their substance can be analyzed are for us attainable. What may be the cause, that all organic beings of which we have knowledge propagate their species only through the union of the two sexes, which we call the male and the female? We surely cannot assume that the Creator arranged it so only as if He were at play, or for curiosity's sake, and for no other cause than to have such an arrangement set at work on this earth-globe of ours? It seems, rather, that it must be *impossible* to have organic creatures originate from out the substance of our earth-globe by propagation in any other manner than by means of two sexes. In what darkness does human reason lose itself here when it attempts to fathom — nay, merely to guess at, the origin!

§ 30. — Illustrations.

The power of imagination is, however, not so creative as is sometimes asserted. We cannot imagine rational beings as existing in any other shape than the human form. Hence the sculptor or painter, who sketches an angel or a god, always sketches a human being. Every other figure seems to his mind to have ingredients which cannot be united in his mind with the construction of a rational being; for instance, wings, talons, or hoofs. But he feels at perfect liberty in regard to the size.

Deception, occurring through the *force* of the imagination, reaches sometimes such a degree in a man that he believes he sees or feels outside of himself what, after all, is merely in his head. Hence the dizziness which seizes a person who looks down into an abyss, although he stands on a platform large enough to prevent his falling, and perhaps even has hold of a stout railing. Very odd is the fear which some people of sickly mind have of an inner impulse to throw themselves voluntarily down from a steep height.

Seeing nauseating matters swallowed by others — as, when the Tungusees suck out and swallow the dirt of their children's noses — affects the spectator towards vomiting, in the same manner as if he himself were forced to do it.

The *Homesickness* of the Swiss — and, as I have been told by a General of experience, also of Westphalians and Pomeranians from certain districts — which befalls them when they are removed to other countries, is the effect of a yearning for the places where they have tasted the very simple enjoyments of life, which yearning is produced by recalling the pictures of their youthful years, with their freedom of care, and neighborly social intercourse. When they return, however, after a longer absence, they find themselves greatly deceived in their expectations, and thus become cured. It is true, they attribute this to a notion that everything has changed at home while they were gone; but the real cause of their disappointment is, that they cannot take back their youth to the scenes of their

youth. It is curious, however, that this homesickness occurs more amongst the country people of a province *poor in money*, but for that very reason more closely united by ties of brotherhood and cousinships, than amongst those who are busy making money, and have chosen *patria ubi bene* for their motto.

If we have heard of some one that he is a villain, we are inclined to think that we can see malice written in his face; and thus imagination consolidates with perception into one sentiment, especially when passion is added. Helvetius tells of a lady who, looking through a telescope, saw in the moon the shadows of two lovers. The clergyman, who took the glass after she was done with it, said: "Oh, no, madam, those are the two towers of a church."

To all this we may add still further the effect produced by imagination, through sympathy. The sight of a person in a convulsive or epileptic attack inclines others to similar cramp-like movements, just as yawning infects others with a desire to yawn; and Dr. Michaelis says, in speaking of a man belonging to the army in North America, who was seized by violent raving, that two or three of the spectators fell into the same condition, though the attack was but temporary. Hence weak-nerved people, hypochondriacs, should not visit madhouses from motives of curiosity. Usually, however, they avoid it of their own accord, fearing for their minds. It will also be found that persons of a lively disposition, when very attentively listening to some one who is speaking in a passion (especially when the passion is anger), are involuntarily betrayed into a play of their features corresponding to that passion.

People also pretend to have observed that married people who live happily together gradually assume a similarity of features; and the explanation given is, that they married each other on account of this similarity (*similis simili gaudet*), which, however, is wrong. For, in the instinct of the sexes, nature impels rather towards differences in the persons who are to fall in love with each other, so that all the manifoldness which nature has implanted in their germs may be developed. The explanation is, that the intimacy and inclination, where-

with, in their private intercourse, being close together, they look often and long into each other's eyes, produces sympathetic, similar plays of features, which in course of time become permanent forms of countenance.

Finally, we may count as belonging to this unintentional play of the productive power of imagination, which is then called *phantasy*, the inclination to unmalicious *lying*, which is always found in children, and in grown people (however good-natured they are otherwise) *now and then*, and sometimes almost as an inherited disease. In these cases, when a story is being told, events and adventures crowd upon each other like a down-rolling snow-avalanche, being constantly cast forth by the imagination without the story-telling person's having any other benefit to himself in view than to make himself interesting. As an instance, I may cite Shakespeare's knight, John Falstaff, who changed two men in buckram into eleven before he finished his story.

§ 31.—Concerning the Means of Arousing and Tempering the Play of the Power of Imagination.

Since the power of imagination is more rich and fruitful in representations than our sensuousness, it becomes, when passion is added to it, more active under the absence than it is in the presence of its object; that is to say, more aroused when something occurs which recalls to the mind the representation of that object which seemed to have been eradicated for a while by other matters. Thus a German prince, a noble-minded man, though otherwise a rough warrior, had undertaken a voyage to Italy in order to rid himself of his love for a lady of common birth; but on his return, the first view of her dwelling-place stirred up his imagination far more powerfully than permanent intercourse could have done, and he yielded without further delay to his inclination, which happily fulfilled all his expectations. This disease, being the effect of a fantastic power of imagination, is incurable except through *marriage*. For marriage is truth. (*Eripitur persona, manet res.* Lucretius.)

The fantastic power of imagination creates a sort of self-communion, and, although merely with phenomena of the internal sense, yet in analogy with the external senses. It gives life to night, and elevates it above its actual state; even as the moon, which in broad daylight is to be seen only as an insignificant cloud, makes a grand figure on the skies at evening-time. It is at work in him who lucubrates in the silence of the night, or disputes with his imaginary opponent, or, pacing his room, builds castles in the air. But everything that appears to such a one important at that time loses all its importance on the next morning following the night's sleep, and in the course of time he will experience a decline of his mental faculties as the result of this bad habit. Hence it is a very useful rule, as a measure of psychological diet, for such a person to tame his imagination by going to sleep early in order to be able to rise early; although women and hypochondriacs—who generally derive their morbid state from that very cause—prefer the opposite.

Why can we still listen late at night to ghost-stories, which in the morning, soon after getting up, appear to everybody absurd and utterly unfit for conversation; whereas at that time we rather ask what has happened new in the house, or in the world at large, or continue our labors of the previous day? The reason is, because that which is in itself mere *play* is appropriate for the relaxation of the forces exhausted in the day-time, while that which is *business* is proper for the man who has been strengthened by his night's rest, and been born anew, as it were.

The shortcomings (*vitia*) of the power of imagination are these: that its working is either *unbridled*, or, worse still, *ruleless* (*effrenis aut perversa*). The latter is the worst fault. For the first class of production might, after all, find a place in a possible world—in the world of fable; but the latter have no place in any world, since they contradict each other. As an instance of the former class of imaginations, I may refer to the shudder with which the Arabs regard the stone figures of men and animals so frequently met with in the Lybian desert; looking upon them, as they do, as human beings petrified by

the curse. This is unbridled imagination. But it is a contradiction when the same Arabs imagine that these images of animals will, on the day of universal resurrection, snarl at the artist who made them, and upbraid him because he was not able to endow them with souls. A merely unbridled phantasy can, after all, always take a side-turn; as, for instance, in the case of the poet, of whom Cardinal Este asked, when he was presented with a copy of the book dedicated to him: "Master Ariosto, where the devil did you pick up all this mad stuff?" This sort of phantasy is superabundance and luxury from pure wealth; but ruleless phantasy approaches insanity, wherein the imagination plays unlimited revel in the mind, and the unhappy victim has no control whatever over the course of his ideas.

It is still to be remarked that the political artist has, as well as his æsthetical brother, the power to rule and govern the world (*mundus vult decipi*) by the power of imagination, which he causes to pass current as actuality; for instance, of liberty (as in the English Parliament), or of equality (as in the French Parliament), which, however, consist of mere formalities. Nevertheless, it is better that mankind should have were it but the semblance of this ennobling good, than feel itself palpably deprived of it.

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERMANN GRIMM BY IDA M. ELIOT.

The first of Raphael's letters is dated at Florence, in the year 1508, and contains nothing of importance; the second, written in the same year, is only a few lines in length, and is addressed to Domenico Alfani:

"I beg you, Menecho," he writes, "send me Riciardo's love-songs, which tell of the passion that once overcame him when travelling." Also, he wished for a sermon, and asked Menecho to remind Cesarino to send it to him; and he would

like to have Menecho ask Madonna Atalanta for the money — he preferred gold. Love-songs, a sermon, and gold — in these few lines we find the whole century.

The next letter, also in 1508, is written from Rome. Bramante, who was related to Raphael, had caused him to be recalled there. The pope commanded him to come, that he might paint the Vatican. Here he met Michael Angelo. Until now he had seen him only a few times in Florence. In this letter he thanks Francesco Francia for the portrait which he has sent, and excuses himself for not having had his own painted, that he might send it in return for the present, according to agreement. Passavant believes that Raphael had in person sought out the famous old master in Bologna. The way in which he gained Francia's love, his expressions of praise, and at last his confidence in him, all show a charming youthful feeling. How Francia felt towards him is shown in a sonnet which is quoted, and in which he gives Raphael the highest place in art, while he himself modestly steps into the background.

Next is a letter to Simon Ciarla, written in 1514, in which he speaks of marriage, and will not consent to any plans in regard to it. He treats this subject in a business-like way, and still not without the graceful ease with which he always handles great subjects as well as trifling ones. From these things he passes to the building of St. Peter's, and breaks out into hearty praise of the life in Rome. Every day, he concludes, the pope summons him, and converses with him concerning the building. It is to be the first temple in the world. It will cost one million in gold, and the pope thinks of nothing else than its completion.

Raphael wished to remain unmarried. He says in his letters that in Rome he would have expected quite different matches from those offered him. He did not wish any wife; with a wife he would never have reached the point where he now stood, and every day he thanked God because he had acted so wisely.

In spite of these reasons, afterwards he did not feel himself in a conditionto refuse the hand of the young Maria di Bibbiena, niece of the cardinal of the same name. The proposal was as

advantageous as it was honorable for him. His death and Maria's occurred at almost the same time. The grave-stones stand side by side, and the inscriptions say that Maria and Raphael died betrothed lovers.

He died, therefore, without having been married. Michael Angelo also, as well as Leonardo da Vinci and Titian, died unmarried. Dr. Guhl has remarked, on this subject, that perhaps it may be advisable for artists thus to take their freedom, and seems to give the lives of these three men in a certain way as illustrations. I cannot agree with him. The similarity of these three lives seems to me only accidental in this respect. It is well known how people married in Italy at that time, and above all, in what relation the women stood to the men. One can most easily obtain an insight into this from the life of Benvenuto Cellini. The most unlimited freedom ruled. Titian had children, for whom he provided very handsomely. It is nowhere recorded of Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci that they had any dislike to women. Legitimate marriage through the church and before the law was not at that time the means by which the favor of beautiful women was gained. It was no reproach to be an illegitimate child. If Michael Angelo had met Vittoria Colonna in his younger days, and a marriage between them had been proposed, he would not have considered marriage a hindrance to his artist career. Everywhere — among artists as well — it is a sad sight when wife and children change free work into an oppressive burden, but all such doubts may be answered where one happy marriage gives the purest impulse to work and true development.

Raphael liked women. Vasari tells how once love drew him off from his work, and his friends at last knew no better plan than to bring the beautiful lady to his scaffolding, where she sat the whole day with him, and he, not missing her, kept at work. In Arnim's novel, "Raphael and his Women Neighbors," the artist's life is pictured in the midst of beauty. Without care, and with a fancy full of noble thoughts, he gave himself up to their charms, obeying without any constancy the pleasant law of indolence till at last, the life he was leading grated upon him.

He must have had misgivings; he tried to tear himself away, but at his work his thoughts gave him no rest. One of the three sonnets which were in his handwriting on the back of some studies, and in that way preserved to us, gives us this most direct insight into the soul whose passion he was trying to conquer. He seems to have written the poem to get free from the thoughts which hovered around him, alluring him on; one feels his struggle, and how impossible resistance will finally become.

The next letter is written to Count Castiglione. In it he speaks of Ideals. He expresses himself in the clearest way. What cannot be understood by those who lack the inspiration of the creative spirit — that the Ideal is no mere universal, abstract, vanishing, to be obtained out of things like an essence by persevering individuals, but that it is a form of the thing itself, created by a real mind; that it hovers over everything which we call nature, but is revealed only to him who has received the power to see it, to each one by himself, and in his own way — all this Raphael now declares, and he does it in such ordinary words that one feels he is speaking of something very usual and common.

"With regard to Galatea," he writes, "I should consider myself a great master if there could be found in it only half the great things of which your highness writes. I recognize in your words the love which you feel towards me. For the rest, I must tell you that in order to paint a beautiful woman's figure, I must see many beautiful women, and also your highness must stand by me to select the most beautiful. But since a just decision is as rare as a beautiful woman, I shall make use of a certain fancy which has come into my mind. I do not know whether it possesses artistic excellence or not, but I shall strive hard to carry it out; and herewith I commend myself to your highness."

Count Baldassare Castiglione was one of the most brilliant and honored men of his time, distinguished on account of his intellect and his good taste. This letter is dated in the same year that Raphael was definitely appointed by the pope as director of the building of St. Peter's, with a yearly salary

of three hundred gold scudi. Raphael undertook the building under the worst conditions; he changed it from the foundation, for he put aside Bramante's plan, to which years afterwards Michael Angelo returned.

At the same time with Raphael's appointment appeared a letter from the pope, in which he announces to the people of Rome that no stone shall be cut for building St. Peter's except with Raphael's consent. Under a penalty of from one hundred to three hundred gold scudi, to be enforced according to Raphael's own discretion, all the stone-cutters in the city were constrained to obey the command. By these means Raphael was enabled to control the excavations, and save many monuments of ancient art. The greater part of the beautiful statues of antiquity which are now admired in the museum of Rome were discovered here and there about this time.

Four years later the artist gave an account to his master of his acts as conservator of the city of Rome, and the document, with his quiet, clear statement, should be taken as a model for such reports. He begins by recognizing the superiority of the old Romans — at that time nothing was known of Greek art — who accomplished very easily many things which we consider impossibilities. He tells how he has searched through the city with this thought in mind, how he has studied the old authors, and how it has filled him with pain to see the body of the beautiful city, once the queen of the world, so grievously torn to pieces.

He then speaks of those who took part in the work of destruction, and does not hesitate to say that popes themselves formerly gave up the splendid buildings to ruin, but that now Leo X. was called upon to restore them.

He afterwards describes how he has drawn a plan of ancient and modern Rome; gives his opinion about some single buildings; and then general statements about the architecture of the old Romans, and its progress down to his own time; and ends with an account of technical geometric expedients which one might use.

The whole letter is divided in the clearest way into different parts, and contains, besides this account, from a practical point

of view, the noblest enthusiasm for the art of the old Romans. Involuntarily one places himself by Raphael's side and follows him from time to time, as if these things were the most important affairs of to-day, and as if centuries had not passed since then. One feels with what freshness he attempts every thing and how easy to him were the things which he undertook. During the time that such a commission formed one of the incidental works which he carried on, and when even the direction of the building of the enormous church is of less importance than his paintings, which followed one after the other, each being a new and unexpected revelation of his soul, still he found time to spend with his friends, and with women, whose society he enjoyed. He did not seek solitude, like Michael Angelo; he spread out his arms and drew to his heart the world, for which he cared. And with this power was united what youthful beauty! When he died there was no artist in Rome who did not follow his body weeping, and when the pope received news of his death he burst into bitter tears. "*O felice e beata anima!*" exclaims Vasari, after he has described with what honors and solemnities his funeral was celebrated, "who does not like to speak of thee, to praise thee and thy works. When such an artist died, the art of painting might well lay itself in the grave, for when he closed his eyes, it was left upon the earth, as it were, sightless. We who survive him must imitate the good, yes, the excellent example which he has set us; and according to the merit of his art, and following our duty toward it, must speak of him forever with honors a thousand-fold. For creative genius, coloring, and power of execution have been brought to perfection by him; no one has imagined how far he could advance, and no one may hope to reach higher than he."

When Vasari writes in this way, he seems for the moment to have forgotten Michael Angelo entirely. At other times he always mentioned the latter as the greatest artist, and the same feeling was shared by many of his contemporaries, who gave Raphael a subordinate rank.

But it seems as if the thought of the death of this wonderful spirit had erased even the memory of Michael Angelo, who,

after Raphael was gone, continued working alone and without rivals for many years, preventing by his powerful creations that decline of art which immediately followed his death.

Michael Angelo was in Florence when Raphael died. From what we learn, more through suggestions than direct information, it appears that these two men stood in opposition to one another. The one had no need of the other; each sought to surpass the other, and to contend for mastery. This seems quite natural to us, as it does when in old poems we read that two heroes who meet begin at once to fight with one another, until it is decided which is the victor. But when two eagles fly towards the sun in emulation, on that account they need not be enemies, and the feeling between them is not the jealousy which holds lower natures apart. These men felt their strength, and each strove to be first; modesty was out of place. Both placed the art of the ancients higher than their own, as Goethe considered Shakespeare very far above him, but neither of them wished that any living person should call his rank in question. It was the same feeling which kept Schiller and Goethe apart for so many years, although they lived close together; and this gives to their correspondence that strange admixture which is called coldness by those who must give a name to everything.

Each recognized the greatness of the other, but neither would descend from his height. One thing, however, will serve least of all as an index of their feeling towards one another — that is, the disputes of their disciples, and the hate with which they persecuted each other. Parties may hate each other, as nations may do, while the leaders quietly and respectfully defend each his own standpoint. When men like Raphael and Michael Angelo stand as opponents, there is no use in repeating single incidents or expressions. If one observes them both, weighs their power, tries to picture to himself Rome at that time — the centre of political power and the fine arts — remembers popes like Julius and Leo — one sees that necessarily there must have been a personal rivalry, and this may be described in a poetical form, just as the scenes of a drama unfold in the fancy, as soon as characters which

are noble and freed from all narrow relations meet each other in their full power. The usual enmity which results from mutual misunderstandings occasioned by ignorance, or when one intentionally holds his hands over his eyes, and when there is also a feeling of weakness on both sides, had no place between these men. Michael Angelo may have said that Raphael accomplished nothing through his genius, but everything through effort. Would Michael Angelo have intended by this to disparage Raphael — Michael Angelo, who knew so well what work meant? In my opinion this speech is such great praise that I do not know how he could have spoken so as to express more clearly that he understood his youthful companion, admired, and honored him.

Raphael's never-failing loveliness of character — by which, as Vasari says, he showed all artists how they should behave towards nobles, the middle class, and the poorest people — was not at all a trait of Michael Angelo's. He did not hover over the mountains of life as if borne on clouds; he seized hold of the solid stone, threw the pieces on either side, and so made a path for himself over these mountains. He gave rough, brusque answers, and never troubled himself about any one. When Pope Julius was urging him to finish one of his works, and asked when he would be ready with it, he answered, "When I can" — "*quando potiô.*" The pope broke into a passionate rage, and raised his staff against the artist, and as he echoed the words "*quando potiô,*" "*quando potiô,*" he struck him. That was the position these two men held towards each other. They were even with one another. They knew one another too well to separate. They quarrelled whenever together, for this was not the only time; but neither could do without the other, and since each had his own footing, upon which he stood his ground proudly before the world, it came to pass that they were drawn together by the very things which would have separated weaker natures.

Every one who feels himself great is attracted to any one whom he recognizes as his equal in that respect. Even the bloodiest quarrel cannot drive these asunder. Involuntarily their glances seek and find each other, for every one searches

out him whose character is a measure of his own, and the desire to compare himself with him conquers all obstacles. Thus it follows that the great attracts the great; the common, the common. This law determines the lives of beggars and kings. Some relations could not be explained without it. Voltaire and Frederick learned to know each other thoroughly. The king knew that Voltaire was false, deceitful, and much more vain of the connection with him than attached to him. Still he wrote to him, opened his heart to him, and waited for his answers. He felt that this man stood high enough to understand him, and all other feelings sank into insignificance before this.

If one should read through Michael Angelo's poems, and his life, as written by Vasari and Condivi, one would have an impression of a man who travelled over a terrible road entirely alone. But if one looks through the notices of the lives of contemporary artists, then one will see how boundless was his influence over all, and how all rays of art centred in him. Everywhere his hand is busy; unselfishly he helps one and another in their work; blocks of marble wrongly cut, and lying spoiled and useless, excite him to see what can be made from them; in the midst of the fortification-work of his native city, he carves in the stone of the wall the Flying Victory. Work itself interests him — it makes no difference what it is. His impetuous nature continually carries him away, but he always returns to himself; and the way in which this happens is doubly touching and affecting. No one can be in doubt as to whether the heart of this man was hard and unfriendly, or whether it was gentle, and full of a noble love of humanity. When I read how Beethoven loved mankind, and still avoided them, the reserved bearing of the great Florentine occurred to me, while Mozart's sociable manners toward all who met him reminded me of Raphael. But how different were the lives of these two. Like two butterflies from the garden of the Hesperides, the storms of life blew them out into the world, where they perished, — one because he was carried into the fields of too luxurious bloom; the other, because he flew over stony places, till wearied out, he fell to the ground.

Mozart's creations, like Raphael's, stand complete, as if they had arisen so at first. There is nothing to change in them. They show no effort; they exist; their only aim is to fill a void which could not be filled without them. They may be studied from all points. One walks around them as round a blooming aloe. Shakespeare's poems, also, are so made. But although they are so finished and perfect, one thing is wanting to them — one thing that Michael Angelo's works possess, that Beethoven's music has, and that brings these men into such a human relation with us — the evidence of a divine yearning for expression which filled the souls of these composers, and which is the true origin of their works. They do not let us sink into careless rapture, but represent the struggle and the victory, or perhaps only the anticipation of victory, in vivid light and forms that cannot be forgotten. When I study Raphael's Madonna, in the Dresden gallery, the whole world around seems to dissolve in mist, and this figure alone is present to my eyes. In one word, it deprives the mind of freedom; it takes possession of one, and soars with him into higher regions.

How different is the impression which a piece of sculpture by Michael Angelo, though unfinished, has upon me. I know it only through a plaster-cast in the new museum. The original is in Paris. It represents a dying youth, one of the figures which were to surround the monument of Pope Julius, according to the first plan and beginning of the work. These were meant to represent the conquered provinces of the kingdom. The body stands upright; a band passing round below the breast holds it up like a chain, and keeps it from falling to the ground; one arm touches the breast, the other stretches up over the head, that bends on one side wearily, with the look of death. The divine tenderness of youth is shed all over the figure. A dying smile plays around the lips; an expression of the deepest grief weighs down the eyes. One stands before it, and his very soul is touched with grief for the beauty thus dissolving in death. One feels himself more free and noble, and he would like to perish in the same way. Every line carries out the same thought. The narrow hips, the powerless knees,

the relaxed hands, the eyes over which the lids have fallen, before which the vanishing world already surges back and forth, soon to disappear altogether — this work draws me forcibly to the heart of a man who is so powerful an artist; and thinking of Michael Angelo, the dark clouds under which he walks seems to me more home-like than the unending clearness to which Raphael carries me on wings.

We Germans place the artist above all his works. Goethe is greater than all his poems; Schiller himself dearer to us than what he wrote. This is the reason that for us Hamlet is Shakespeare's greatest work, for it reveals most deeply his own soul, while the others give only visions which do not come near to us. In Hamlet one plunges with the poet into the great questions of life, and realizes with a shudder the narrowness of the lines between clearness and madness that form the paths on which the soul travels. This play does not let us rest; it drives us on at its own pace. Michael Angelo does the same; and I would more willingly follow him, although his path is lighted by dim stars, than rest with Raphael in the full light that bestows everything, but leaves nothing for which one's thoughts can strive.

The "Artist Letters" contain nothing written by Michael Angelo at the time of Raphael's death. His first three letters are dated 1496, 1504, 1529; they cover a long space of time; his youth, his first stay in Rome, and the troubles in Florence; after which, again in Rome, he entered upon that period of his life when, ruling alone in the realm of art, he piled work upon work until his death. There are extant numerous letters written at this time; to this period belong most of his poems, and, generally, what we have learned about him from his contemporaries relates to these later years of his life.

The first letter, of July 2, 1496, announces his arrival in Rome. Born in 1474, he was in his twenty-second year, but he had already experienced a great deal. His whole life was one continued struggle with men and circumstances, beginning with his first step in his artist career. When a child at school, he passed all his leisure hours in drawing. No persuasion, no punishment, could break up this fancy. He conquered his

father's opposition, and at fourteen years was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo. His friendship with young Granacci, who was studying painting there, led him to the workshop of the master. He made astonishing progress. We have still preserved one specimen of his style and manner, which shows how his capability and his character were early developed. One of his fellow-students had a study of drapery by Ghirlandajo to copy. Michael Angelo took the sheet, and with a few touches improved the figure and the style of the teacher. Granacci preserved the sketch, and afterwards gave it to Vasari, who sixty years after showed it to Michael Angelo. Laughingly he recognized his work, and added, "At that time I knew more about art than now." He often felt a desire to test himself on new work, and to compete with others. It was a delight to him to perceive in visible form what he could do — a kind of rejoicing in the consciousness of power. Where he felt it belonged to him to be first, he did not wish to seem to be second. There is a trace of the rivalry of the artisan in this striving. He was not satisfied with the consciousness that he himself was the greatest, but desired the public to perceive it also. It must know that he understood more than all others. He wished for favor, but he insisted upon justice. Schiller had somewhat of this feeling when he criticised severely the poems of Bürger and Matthisson, and even Goethe's Egmont. He was considering then only the works, not the persons; while Goethe, when he in his youth attacked Wieland, had in mind the person, and disposed of the works in a few lines. But although Michael Angelo was jealous of his position, still he never entertained the thought that because he was great, others were small. He gave assistance in their work to many artists, made sketches for their pictures, gave them good advice as to how they should progress. Had a greater artist than he appeared — had he been forced to confess to himself in his inmost heart, "He knows more than you" — he would not have hesitated a moment to declare openly what he thought. We can see how true this is from an anecdote which De Thou has preserved for us in his memoirs. This shows that the pride of the great master was very different from the self-

laudation of people with limited power, and his modesty sprang from a source quite distinct from that of the deceitful self-depreciation of lower minds, who blame themselves in the presence of other people, in the hope of hearing their own praises in answer.

De Thou was once in Mantua, where the Princess Isabella D'Este was showing him and others the art treasures in her palace. Among them was a Cupid, a work in marble by Michael Angelo. After the company had studied it admiringly for a long time, some one unveiled a second statue which was standing near, covered with a silk cloth, a work of antique art. The two were now compared, and every one was ashamed that he had estimated so highly the work of the Florentine. The antique was still covered with traces of the earth in which it had lain; but it seemed to be alive, while the other was merely a stone, without life. Then the guests were told that Michael Angelo had enjoined upon the princess never to show his work except with the Greek, and, moreover, in this unexpected way, so that connoisseurs could judge how far the art of the ancients surpassed the modern.

It has been asked what has become of these two statues, and the truth of the story has been by some altogether doubted. But that makes no difference; whether it has happened or not, the story bears in itself a truth which is higher than the so-called historic truth. At any rate, Michael Angelo is considered capable of such a courageous act. The reason that general characteristics are concentrated into special cases is owing to the mysterious power of the mythical element concealed in the lives of great men, and in the significant events in the development of nations, for in these it plans and arranges till nations and men are brought into harmony with the national Ideal. Things that have happened do not remain memorable in the lap of memory, but are tossed hither and thither as the sea tosses the stones, until they are rounded off and take a new shape.

The memory of the human race will not endure general traits, but demands definite, visible events; if these are missing, they must be found, and suddenly they appear; without one's

knowing whence they come. Corneille died in poverty. That is well known, but how much does it mean? Mankind demanded a definite illustration, and now it is said that he was so poor that at last he had not enough to buy a pair of shoes.

At Schiller's death there is not money enough to pay for a coffin. Goethe is married to his wife amidst the thunder of cannons. Francesco Francia dies of grief when he sees Raphael's Saint Cecilia; Racine of sorrow on account of the king's displeasure. Belisarius, with sightless eyes, goes begging through the land; Philip of Spain causes the death of Don Carlos; Napoleon, with his banner in his hand, rides over the bridge of Arcola, into the mouths of the Austrian cannon; Cambronne says, "The guard dies, but does not surrender;" or, turning to more distant ages, an Egyptian king at one blow strikes off the heads of a dozen prisoners.

All this is false. It grows like tares among the wheat; no one has sowed them, and they have no right to the ground where they are. But they cannot be rooted out. Always the blue and red flowers will appear among the grain. But many things that we consider as true and fixed are perhaps worth no more, and seldom is an historic book written that does not in this respect correct traditions.

At the foundation of every lie there is an arbitrary statement which is easily shaken off; but in the tradition, even when it springs up in modern times, there is an inextinguishable life-force. The acts of mankind often appear truly artistic; here and there, things which have been done are confirmed; lights are thrown upon some, others are veiled in darkness, so that finally something new is made to appear, that bears about the same relation to what has really taken place that the idealized figure in the painting does to the model which was used.

Schiller worked himself to death — that is acknowledged; Goethe himself says so; and all the reproaches which that fact brings upon the German people are expressed in one line — there was no money to pay for his coffin. Goethe's whole character on one side is expressed in what is related of his marriage. All Racine's faults are shown in the story of the

cause of his death. All the honor of the Spanish papal policy is concentrated in the fable of the death of Don Carlos; all admiration at the rising power of Napoleon, in the story of how he met danger and conquered it so magically. There is no more touching way of showing the power of poetry than to relate the story of Sophocles, which has also grown into a fable. When he was an old man his children sought to deprive him of the authority of managing his property, because he had grown childish. He went before his judges with his Œdipus at Colonus in his hand, and the divine chorus which he read to them from it brought tears to their eyes, and acquitted him. If that is an invention, it could have been invented about Sophocles only; and in the same way, it could be said of no one but Michael Angelo that he placed his own works by the side of those of the old masters, in order to show how much greater the ancients had been than he himself. The modesty which is shown in the story is not so conspicuous as the pride which made him consider his work worthy to be compared with an antique, even though it fell below it in perfection.

While he was still almost a child, under Ghirlandajo's teaching, Lorenzo di Medici, the most powerful man in Florence, formed the plan of starting a school for sculptors. He owned a garden which was adorned with paintings and old statues, and the pupils were to use these as studies. He wished to have for this school Ghirlandajo's best pupils, and among them were Michael Angelo and Granacci. Michael Angelo worked now with doubled energy. He had the keys of the garden always in his pocket, was there even on holidays, and tried to excel all others, in which he succeeded. He surpassed also young Torrigiano, and, besides, seems to have made of him a sort of laughing-stock, so that one day Torrigiano was so furious through his jealousy that he struck him in the face with his fist, and broke his nose, thus marking him for life. Torrigiano was forced to flee; Michael Angelo remained in Lorenzo's palace. Lorenzo favored him in every way; invited him to sit at his table, gave him five ducats every month, and gave his father a government position. At Lorenzo's death,

in the year 1492, Michael Angelo returned to his father's house. He was now eighteen years old. But he had already produced works which were acknowledged as masterly. Now he bought a block of marble, and carved a Hercules four ells in height. This work was everywhere admired, and afterwards was taken to France, where it has since disappeared.

Two years after the death of Lorenzo, his son and successor, Pietro, had carried matters so far that he and his whole family were banished from Florence. Their palace was plundered by the people, the school of old Bertoldi broken up, and all the materials that could be found sold at public auction. Michael Angelo had gone to Bologna before the fall of his patron, and from there to Venice; but finding that his money gave out, he returned to Bologna, where the Bentivogli, friends of the Medici, were rulers of the city, and received him in the heartiest manner. He worked there, and studied Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. His works gained him many friends, but enemies, too, as it seems. This was, perhaps, the reason why he returned to Florence a year after.

At this time was made the Sleeping Cupid, of which I spoke. It was so beautiful that Michael Angelo was advised to bury it, and then pretend it was an antique. Perhaps the Mantua story and this have been confused. Vasari and Condivi tell the account differently, and the former puts at the end a very different moral. He says this work shows that the ancient art could not have excelled the modern — a statement which may be as consistent to the mind of Vasari as the words attributed to Michael Angelo in Mantua are true to his spirit.

The Cupid was sent to Rome; it drew Michael Angelo himself there, and made him famous. Other works which he executed through a series of years increased his fame. I name specially the "Pieta," of which we have a cast in the new Berlin museum, although only a part of it, — the "Body of Christ." This is a magnificent work, full at once of tenderness and strength, the union of which gives to the figure a truly divine light. It has none of the superhuman strength which forms the characteristic of his later works; there is nothing gloomy or gigantic, such as one imagines when his name is

mentioned. Vasari tells that once some strangers from Milan were admiring the work, and attributed it to Gobbo, one of their fellow-citizens. Michael Angelo entered St. Peter's by night, with a light and his tools, and cut his name on the girdle of the Madonna.

His reputation increased the desire which Florence felt to claim him again. In the court of the Palazzo Vecchio lay a huge block of marble, on which some sculptor of indifferent talent had wrought, and which had been left lying there partly cut. The stone was offered to Michael Angelo if he could do anything with it. He went there and made from the block a colossal David, which now stands before the Palazzo Vecchio. Other commissions followed this beginning. He painted and worked in marble and bronze unwearyingly, but what increased his fame most of all was the rivalry with Leonardo da Vinci, who at that time was almost fifty years old, while Michael Angelo was not yet thirty. It was for this reason alone that he afterwards left Florence and went to France.

Each of these artists was making an enormous cartoon, representing a battle scene during the time when the Florentines conquered the Pisans. It has been said of these two works that together they furnished the content of all Italian art. All in the city were much excited about the two, and all took sides as to the victor. There is nothing left of the two works. The sculptor Bandinelli destroyed Michael Angelo's, from envy and jealousy. During the disturbances of the year 1512, he procured the keys to the hall in which it was kept, slipped in, and cut it into pieces which have one by one disappeared. Here and everywhere the anger of his rivals pursued Michael Angelo. When the statue of David was put into its place, it had to be guarded at night because stones were thrown at it to injure it.

Meanwhile, Pope Alexander had died; and shortly after, Julius II. became his successor. He called Michael Angelo back to Rome, and his agent in Florence paid him one hundred scudi for travelling expenses. He wished to have a magnificent tomb erected for himself, and he gave the commission to Michael Angelo, who made a plan which Julius approved.

The work began at once, but forty-five years passed before its completion; the plans were altered and abridged; war and every kind of fate delayed its execution; the marble was stolen from Michael Angelo; he was arrested on account of some money which it was said he received and used for himself; he was promised more money, and it was not paid; and the whole thing at last became a burden, which he bore with pain for many years, without being able to free himself from it.

But at that time he anticipated nothing of all this. He stood in the bloom of his years and fame. He had sought to surpass Da Vinci, and Raphael had not yet come upon the stage. When he appeared, the rivalry of art raised a crowd of distinguished artists. They all found plenty of work, and rich reward. The popes knew how to create means for these. Rome was to be the queen in the kingdom of beauty. These were the times when in Germany they were just beginning to act against a supremacy which caused all the gold in the world to be turned into channels centring in Rome. There a very profligate life was the rule. At that time, Ulrich von Hutten wrote his papers against the city, whose tyranny had become unbearable. I mention this here, for, while we study the lives of the great artists who grew up then, observe the tone which prevailed in the dealings of the day, — the blending of the unlimited freedom of the old philosophical way of thinking with the slave-like subjection to the religion of the popes, — if then we see the flowers of literature and art unfold in the midst of all this, this development of things in Italy seems necessary and natural. Quite natural, also, was the newly awakened opposition in the German mind. We see that each side was not understood by the other, and could not be understood. The vices of the priesthood, the crimes of the Borgias, overshadowed for the German view all the intellect and all the beauty; and what were Germans, at that time, to the Italians? Germany was a distant, barbarous region, full of rude fanaticism, without any national literature, and without any educated nobility; a province of the enormous empire, which was brought into contact with its ruler only when he was obliged to punish rebels, and whose language he could not speak. The emperor was a

Spaniard; the central point of his policy lay in Madrid. In Germany, the learned always wrote in Latin; and when Hutten first made use of his own language, it was as strange to him as if we to-day should write editorials for the papers in Latin. In Rome, they had just disposed of Savonarola, who, by his doctrines, had excited a city like Florence to insurrection. Why should they trouble themselves about a disturbance in a country beyond the Alps? It is very possible that Luther and Raphael may have passed one another in Rome, and looked into each other's eyes: the one thinking of his Madonna, his School of Athens, or his beloved one; the other, with gloomy brow, noting only the ruin which surrounded him, and made of the ground under his feet a desert over which the Roman walked so joyfully and free of care.

While Raphael was steadily rising higher in his art, and in the favor of mankind, through the loveliness of his nature, which was never vexed by any discord in himself, nor by harsh contact with thoughts outside his sphere, Michael Angelo more quietly was working his way up to his great height, and not only fulfilling his art, but also his character, which was growing ever more unbending and severe against the world. There are some irregularities about the payment of the money promised for his work. He wishes to speak to the pope about it. He is rudely sent from the door. Indignant, he goes home, writes a furious letter, sells what he owns to the Jews, and leaves Rome at once. Julius sends couriers after him; one messenger after another is sent with letters; but Michael Angelo is unyielding, and goes to Florence. Now three requisitions follow in quick succession, requesting the authorities to send him back. The artist did not obey; but he feared the power and vengeance of the pope, and, doubting his safety, he meditated a journey to Constantinople, whither the Sultan had invited him, to build a bridge over the Bosporus. At last he was persuaded to go to Bologna, and meet Julius there. He goes there, has hardly time to change his boots before an ambassador of the pope takes him away to see his holiness in the Palace of the Sixteen.

He enters, and drops upon his knee. The pope looks at him as if he were angry with him, and says, "Instead of coming to find us, you wait until we come to find you out." By this he meant that Bologna is nearer to Florence than to Rome. Michael Angelo begged for pardon. He spoke freely, and without in the least yielding his point. The pope hesitated about answering. But now the scene changes in a very characteristic way: for the bishop who has escorted Michael Angelo to the pope tries to excuse him, and says that artists are ignorant people, who know nothing but their art; that his holiness may condescend to pardon Michael Angelo. In a sudden rage the pope turns upon the bishop, raises his staff, lets it fall on him, and cries, "You alone are ignorant, since you dare to say to this man what I dare not say." Thereupon he blessed Michael Angelo, and gave him a commission to execute a statue of his holiness which should be five ells high.

In the statue he was represented with the hand raised. "Am I giving my blessing or curse?" asked Julius. "You are advising the people of Bologna to be wise," answered Michael Angelo. When he wished to put a book in the left hand, the pope exclaimed, "Give me a sword; I am no scholar." In this position did Michael Angelo, then thirty-two years of age, stand towards the man of seventy, who in the winter of life entered upon a war, and conquered the cities upon which his eyes fell. He took Bologna from the Bentivogli, and even Ravenna from the Venetians. But not long after, his statue was made into a piece of artillery. The head alone was left. So end works of art which are intended to last for centuries.

After the completion of this commission, Michael Angelo returned to Rome, and now painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. It is remarkable that although he was called by himself and others a sculptor, still he has gained his greatest fame by his painting. The cartoon in Florence is the greatest work of his youth; the Last Judgment, that many years later was painted in this same Sistine Chapel, is the greatest work of his

old age; but the ceiling of the chapel is the most splendid production of his mature fancy. Even to-day it is considered a marvel of modern art which cannot be excelled. Goethe says of it, that even Raphael's paintings are not worth looking at when this has been seen. Other distinguished men confirm this opinion. There is a large space which is covered with representations, and the whole gives one an idea of Michael Angelo's great skill in being able not only to give to his figures the right position as ornaments of the space, but also to make a rich filling-in, thus separating and at the same time uniting the drawings into one great whole. Smoke and dust, and breaks in the walls, have destroyed much of this. Three hundred and fifty years have passed since these paintings were first admired.

Julius II. had striven for the papacy; his successor, Leo X., from the house of the Medici, strove for his family. Italy bloomed. There was an overflowing population; the trade of the world was in the hands of its cities; the sale of indulgences brought into the country sums of money which could not have been obtained by merchants; everywhere there was building in the cities, and the houses and palaces were decorated.

The greater part of the magnificent paintings which form a foundation for the art of to-day were made at that time. Michael Angelo and Raphael developed an astonishing activity. Michael Angelo was not always in Rome, though he was as much at home there as in Florence; and both cities overwhelmed him with commissions. It is nowhere recorded that he was silent and reserved. He enjoyed life, that smiled upon him. He belonged to the Academy at Florence, which was founded by Lorenzo, and whose members wrote poetry and philosophized.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY AND JURISPRUDENCE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF F. W. J. VON SCHELLING, BEING THE TENTH LECTURE "ON THE METHOD ON UNIVERSITY STUDY"—(*des akademischen Studium*).]

BY ELLA S. MORGAN.

As the Absolute itself in the two forms of Nature and History appears as one and the same, so Theology, as the point of indifference of the real sciences, separates on the one side into History, and on the other into Natural Science, each of which contemplates its subjects apart from the other, as well as from the supreme unity.

This does not prevent each from presenting the central point in itself, and so returning into primal knowing.

The common conception of Nature and History is, that in the former everything takes place through empirical necessity; in the latter, through Freedom. But these are themselves but forms or modes of being sundered from the absolute. History is in so far the higher potency of Nature as it expresses in the ideal what Nature expresses in the real world, but essentially it is the same in both, changed only by the determination or "Potenz" under which it exists. If the pure essence could be seen in both, we should recognize that which is reflected ideally in History as identical with that which is reflected really in Nature. Freedom, as Phenomenon, can create nothing; it is a universal, which expresses the two forms of the reflected world each for itself, and in its own kind. Accordingly the complete world of history would be itself an ideal Nature, the State, as the external organism of a harmony of necessity and freedom attained in freedom itself. History, so far as it has the formation of this union as its chief object, would be history in the narrow sense of the word.

The question that now meets us, namely, whether history can be a science, seems to allow no doubt as to its answer. If history as such — and this is the point — is opposed to science as we have generally assumed in the preceding remarks,

then it is plain that it cannot itself be science; and if the real sciences are syntheses of philosophical and historical material, for this reason history itself cannot be such a science any more than it can be philosophy. It would take the same rank, in this respect, as philosophy.

In order that this relation may be seen more clearly, let us consider the different stand-points from which history can be considered.

The highest which we have recognized is the religious stand-point, or that in which all history is conceived as the work of Providence. This cannot be used in history as such, because it is not essentially different from the philosophical stand-point. Of course, it is evident that I do not deny either the religious or the philosophical construction of history; but the former is part of theology,—the latter belongs to philosophy, and is necessarily different from history as such.

The opposite stand-point to that of the absolute is the empirical; which, again, has two sides: that of pure investigation as to what has happened, and acceptance of the same, which is the business of the naturalist who represents only one side of the historian as such; and that of the union of empirical matter according to an identity of the understanding, or, since the latter cannot exist in the events in and for themselves, because these appear empirically, or rather accidentally and not in harmony; or the arrangement according to an end planned out by the subject, which is in so far didactic or political. This treatment of history according to a definite and not a general view is called the pragmatic treatment, in accordance with the meaning of the word as determined by the ancients. So Polybius, who explains himself expressly in regard to this idea, is pragmatic on account of the particular aim of his histories, they being directed to the technicalities of war; so Tacitus, because he traces step by step the fall of the Roman State to the effects of immorality and despotism.

The moderns are inclined to consider the pragmatic spirit to be the highest in history, and to deck themselves with its predicates as if it were the highest praise. But for the very reason of its dependence upon subjective caprice, no one of

sense will put the two historians just cited in the first rank. The German writers of history, with their pragmatical spirit, are, as a rule, in the condition of "Famulus," in Goethe's *Faust:* "What they call The Spirit of the Times, is their own spirit, in which the times are reflected." In Greece, the noblest, ripest, most experienced minds seized the stilus of history, to write with it eternal characters. Herodotus is a true Homeric soul. In Thucydides the whole culture of the age of Perikles is concentrated in one divine spectacle.

In Germany, where science is more an affair of industry, it is the weakest minds which venture to undertake history. What a disgusting thing to see the picture of great events and characters sketched by a short-sighted, stupid man, especially when he makes a great effort to show off his understanding, and for this purpose, perhaps, explains the greatness of times and peoples by narrow theories, such as the importance of commerce, this or the other useful or dangerous discovery, and, in short, measures everything great and noble with the most common-place standards; or, perhaps, on the other hand he shows his pragmaticism by reasoning on the events, or ornamenting his material with empty rhetorical flourishes, — as, for instance, "the continuous progress of man, and what splendid things we have at length achieved!"

Nevertheless, there is among sacred things nothing more sacred than history — this great mirror of the world-spirit, this eternal poem of the Divine Mind. There is nothing which should be kept more carefully from the touch of unclean hands.

The pragmatic aim of history, from its very nature, excludes universality, and necessarily demands a limited object. The purpose to instruct demands a correct and empirically justified connection of events, by means of which the understanding is perhaps enlightened, but the reason remains unsatisfied unless the view is made complete. Even Kant's plan of a history, in the world-citizen sense, purposes a mere construction of history according to canons of public utility, on the whole, and thus to explain what is only to be explained in the universal necessity of Nature. According to his plan, peace fol-

lows war; finally, the everlasting peace results. From many complications there is to arise true constitutional liberty. But this "plan" of Nature is itself only the empirical reflection of true necessity, just as the purpose of a history ordered in accordance with it should be called, not a "world citizen," but a *citizen* "plan," inasmuch as the progress of mankind is towards peaceful inter-communication, to business and commercial enterprise, and these things are represented as if they were the most precious fruits of human life and its aspirations.

It is evident that the mere connection of events according to empirical necessity can never be anything but pragmatic. But history in its highest idea must be free, and independent of every subjective relation; hence the empirical stand-point cannot be the highest of its presentations.

True history, moreover, rests on a synthesis of given facts and reality with the ideal; but not by means of philosophy, since the latter rather abolishes reality and is wholly ideal, while history should be wholly actual, and at the same time ideal. This (perfect union of actual and ideal) is nowhere possible except in art, which allows the actual to exist, as the drama admits real events or histories, but presents them in a complete form and in a unity whereby they become the expression of the highest ideas. Since it is by means of art that history, while it is the science of the actual, as such, is at the same time lifted above the actual to the higher realm of the ideal, to the level of science; accordingly the third and absolute stand-point of history is that of historical art.

We must now show the relation of this stand-point to what has already been said.

Of course the historian cannot, for the sake of his supposed art, change the matter of history, for the supreme law of history should be truth. Nor can the higher presentation of history neglect the actual connection of events. The case is rather the same as the justification of the actions in the drama, where each follows its predecessor, and finally everything follows of necessity from the first synthesis. The connection of one with the other, however, must not be empirical, but must be comprehensible from a higher order of things.

History does not become complete enough to satisfy Reason until the empiricial causes that satisfy the understanding are used as tools and means of the manifestation of a higher necessity. In such a presentation, history cannot lack the effect of the greatest and most wonderful drama, — a poem conceived by an Infinite Mind.

We have made history the equal of art. But the former presents an identity of necessity and freedom; and this phenomenon, especially in tragedy, is the proper object of our admiration. The same identity is also the stand-point of philosophy, and even of religion, for history recognizes in providence nothing but the wisdom which in the plan of the world unites the freedom of man with universal necessity, and *vice versa*. But, in reality, history rests neither on the philosophical nor the religious stand-point; accordingly it must present that identity of freedom and necessity, in the sense in which it appears, from the point of view of actuality, which it must never lose sight of. But from this point it is recognizable only as uncomprehended and wholly objective identity — as fate. It is not meant that the historian shall talk of fate, but that it should appear in the objectivity of his presentation, itself, and without his aid. In the historical books of Herodotus, destiny and compensation move as invisible but omniscient gods; in the higher and perfectly independent style of Thucydides, who shows dramatic power by the introduction of speeches, that higher unity is expressed in perfect form, and completely revealed.

Regarding the method of studying history, the following may suffice. On the whole, it must be considered as one considers an *epos*, without definite beginning, and without definite end. Taking the point which seems the most significant or the most interesting as the beginning, from this construct and expand the whole in every direction.

The so-called universal histories which teach nothing are to be avoided, but no others have yet appeared. The true universal history must be written in the epic style; hence in the spirit such as we see an example of in Herodotus. Those which are now called universal histories are only compendiums

wherein everything special and important is obliterated. Even he who does not choose history as his special field, should go as far as possible to original sources and particular accounts — these will give him most instruction. Let him learn to love in modern history the naïve simplicity of the chroniclers, who make no pretentious descriptions or psychological analysis of character.

He who wishes to educate himself as an artist of history, let him keep solely to the great models of the ancients, which could never be attained again after the decline of general and public life. If we except Gibbon, whose work has the broad conception, and the complete power to portray the great turning-point of history from ancient to modern, although he is only an orator, not a writer of history, there are none but national historians; and of these, modern times would only name Macchiavelli and Johann Müller.

What heights are to be climbed by one who wishes to delineate history worthily, those who consecrate themselves to this vocation can see from the letters which the latter wrote when a youth. Indeed, everything, all science and art, all that a public life rich in experience can furnish, all must unite to make the historian.

The original types of the historic style are the *epos* in its original form, and tragedy; for if universal history, whose beginnings, like the sources of the Nile, are indiscoverable, loves the epic form and richness, particular history, on the contrary, must be built up concentrically around a common point. It is not necessary to mention that, for the historian, the tragedy is the true source of great ideas and of noble thinking, toward which he must be educated.

We pronounced the formation of an objective organism of freedom or of the State to be the object of history in the narrow sense. There is a science in this, as necessarily as there is a science of Nature. Its idea cannot be derived from experience, for experience itself is created according to ideas, and the State should appear as work of Art.

If the real sciences in general are separated from philosophy only by the historic element, it is also true of jurisprudence;

but only so much of the historical element can belong to science as is the expression of ideas, and consequently nothing which is from its nature merely finite, as all forms of laws which relate only to the external mechanism of the State — where belongs almost the sum total of those laws which are now taught in jurisprudence, and in which is seen the spirit of a public state of affairs dwelling still in the ruins.

In regard to such laws there is no other advice to give but to learn and teach them empirically as it becomes necessary to use them in special cases before the courts or in public affairs, and not to desecrate philosophy by mixing it in things which have no part in it. The scientific construction of the State would, as regards its inner life, find no corresponding historic element in later times, except in so far as a contrary serves as a reflex of that of which it is the opposite. Private life, and with it private right also, have separated from public life; but the former abstracted from the latter have no more absoluteness than there is in particular bodies in Nature, or in their special relation to each other. Since in the entire withdrawal of universal and public spirit from private life, the latter is left behind as the mere finite side of the State, without any vitality, so in the conformity to law, which governs it, there is no application of ideas; the utmost possible is a mechanical ingenuity in bringing forward the empirical grounds of the law in special cases, or in deciding doubtful ones in accordance with it.

The only thing in this science which might be susceptible of a universal-historical view, is the form of public life and its particular determinations as far as they can be comprehended from the antithesis of the modern with the ancient world, and as far as they have a universal necessity.

The harmony of necessity and freedom, which necessarily expresses itself in externality and in an objective unity, differentiates itself in this phenomenon again in two directions, and has different forms according as it is expressed in the real or in the ideal. The complete realization in the first is the perfect State, whose idea is attained as soon as the particular and the general are absolutely one, when everything that is neces-

sary is at the same time free, and all that is free is also necessary. While external and public life disappeared in an objective harmony of both, it had to be replaced subjectively in an ideal unity, which is the Church. The State, in its antithesis with the Church, is the nature side of the totality in which both are one. In its absoluteness, the State would necessarily supplant its opposite (the Church) as an external existence, for the simple reason that it comprehends it; as the Greek State knew no Church, unless the Mysteries are so considered, which were, however, a branch of public life. The Mysteries are exoteric; the State, on the other hand, is esoteric, because in the State the particular dwells in the whole, in relation to which it is the element of difference, but the whole does not also dwell in the particular. In the real phenomenon of the State, unity existed in multiplicity, so that it was completely one with it; with the antithetic relation of the two, all other antitheses included therein make their appearance in the State. The unity necessarily became the dominant power, not in the absolute, but in the abstract form, that is monarchy, whose idea is essentially interwoven with that of the Church. On the other hand, multiplicity or the many must, by its opposition with unity, fall into mere singularity, and be no longer the instrument of the universality. Multiplicity in Nature, as the reflection of the infinite in the finite, and the elevation of the latter to the absolute, is in itself both unity and multiplicity, so in the perfect State, the many, for the very reason that it was organized into a separate world of servitude, was absolute within its limits, the separate and independent real side of the State, while for the same reason the free men moved in a pure ether of an ideal life resembling the life of ideas. The modern world is in all respects the world of participation (intermingling), as the ancient was the world of pure abstraction and limitation. The so-called civil freedom has only the most dismal intermixture of slavery and freedom, but has produced no absolute, and hence free, existence of either the one or the other. The antithesis of unity and multiplicity in the State made mediators necessary, who, however, in the mediation between governing and governed, formed no absolute world,

and existed only as antithesis, but never attained an independent reality peculiarly and essentially their own.

The first effort of one who desires to comprehend the positive science of Law and the State must be this: by means of philosophy and history to create a living conception of the modern world and the necessary forms of its public life; it can scarcely be imagined what a source of culture could be opened in this science if pursued with an independent spirit, free from regard for utility, and for its own sake.

The essential presupposition for it is the pure construction of the State derived through ideas, a problem of which Plato's Republic has been the only solution. Although we recognize in it the contrast of the modern and antique spirit, this divine work will still remain the archetype and model. Whatever is possible to be said of the true synthesis of the State in the present connection has at least been indicated, and cannot be explained further without the reference to a visible document. I therefore limited myself to pointing out what has heretofore been arrived at and accomplished in the treatment of the so-called Natural rights.

The spirit of formalism and analysis has prevailed more obstinately than elsewhere in this department of philosophy. The first ideas were either taken from Roman law or from some accessible form, so that the law of Nature has gradually passed, not only through all possible instincts of human Nature, but through all conceivable formulas. By an analysis of the same, a series of formal propositions has been discovered, by help of which it is expected to attain to positive jurisprudence.

Especially have Kantian jurists begun diligently to use their philosophy as the handmaid of their science, and so properly enough always reformed the system of natural rights. This mode of philosophizing shows itself in catching after ideas, no matter of what kind they are, if only they be single and individual, in order that he who has caught them may appear to have a system of his own, because of the trouble he takes to distort everything else into harmony with them; but it is a system which is soon replaced by others of the same kind.

The first endeavor to construct the State as real organization

was Fichte's Law of Nature. If the merely negative side of the form of government which aims only at security of law could be isolated and separated from all positive institutions for the energy, the rhythmic motion, and beauty of public life, it would be difficult to reach any other result, or to discover any other form of State than is presented in that one. But the emphasis of the merely finite side extends the organism of the form of government into an endless mechanism, where nothing unconditioned is found. And, indeed, all attempts heretofore made may be accused of subordinating their efforts to an endeavor to make a State in order that certain ends might be attained. Whether this end is universal happiness, the satisfaction of the social instincts of human nature, or in something purely formal, as the common life of free beings under the conditions of utmost freedom, is alike indifferent in this connection; for in every case the State is considered as a means, as conditioned and dependent. All true construction is from its nature absolute, and always directed towards oneness, even in its particular form. For example, it is not construction of the State as such, but of the absolute organism in the form of the State. Hence, to construct it is not to conceive it as the condition of the possibility of something external to it. For the rest, if the State is the immediate and visible image of absolute life, it will of itself fulfil all other ends, just as Nature does not exist in order that there may be equilibrium of matter, but this equilibrium exists because Nature is.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

DR. KARL ROSENKRANZ.

The death of Dr. Johann Karl Friedrich Rosenkranz (June, 1879) is announced by the public press. Since 1833 he had occupied at Koenigsberg the same chair of philosophy that the illustrious Kant had occupied. His position in philosophy was in the centre of the three divisions into which the school of Hegel divided after his death. Rosenkranz's expositions of the Hegelian system are characterized by an attempt to bring the same into line with the philosophy of the ancients — a very rational endeavor. His contributions to literature are very extensive — his work on Goethe's Life and the philosophic genesis of his writings, being one of the most noteworthy (extracts from this work were published in the JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSPHY, vols. IV and V). His Science of Pedagogics (1848) remains still the most scientific work on the subject (translation of the same published in the JOURNAL OF SPECULTIVE PHILOSOPHY, vols. VII and VIII). His work on *Hegel as German National Philosopher* (the larger portion of it published in the JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY) is in the same spirit as the work on Goethe, and an admirable composition.

Recently he has issued from the press of Erich Koschny, Leipzig, autobiographical volumes — Von Magdeburg zu Koenigsberg (1873), Neue Studien Zur Culturgeschichte (1875), Zur Literaturgeschichte (1875), Zur Literatur und Culturgeschichte (1877). An extended notice of these volumes awaits publication in this Journal. — [ED.

DR. APPLETON.

The death of Dr. C. E. Appleton, the founder of *The Academy* (London), occurred in Egypt, on the first of last February, after two years of failing health. Dr. Appleton contributed, to *The Contemporary Review* in 1876, two articles entitled "A Plea for Metaphysic," in which he ably considered the brilliant, but negative essays of Matthew Arnold in their bearings on speculative philosophy. In the same periodical, for July, 1874, he had reviewed the theological works of Friedrich Strauss. Mr. Arnold affects an ignorance of accurate thinking, and congratulates himself not infrequently on the incoherence and inconsistency of his ideas, as on an English-

man's privilege. Dr. Appleton showed that this affectation of horror at Metaphysics is accompanied, on Mr. Arnold's part, with a silent appropriation of various metaphysical ideas — used, however, at hap-hazard. He explains and justifies this criticism in reference (1) to Mr. Arnold's negative criticism of current ideas in politics and religion; (2) his assumption and method in applying those ideas; (3) his criticism of the ideas of Descartes, and of other philosophers; (4) his new religious construction — "The eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness."

The assumption that "thought and speculation is an individual matter" is shown to be the fundamental disease of the Philistines whom Matthew Arnold has attempted to slay, as well as of Mr. Matthew Arnold himself. "It is the same assumption," says Dr. Appleton, "as that of the individual as something given on the one side, and of experience as something given on the other; and this assumption is itself metaphysical, only it is bad metaphysic; it is a petrified fragment of a metaphysical synthesis, instead of the living whole of a synthesis of the *Zeit-Geist*."

Dr. Appleton had projected (so he informed us, once on a visit to St. Louis) a translation and exposition of Hegel's most profound work — *Die Phänomenologie des Geistes*. We hope that his labors in this direction will be given us, even if in an incomplete form, by his literary executors. — [Ed.

DR. STIRLING AND PROFESSOR CAIRD.

In our October number we expect to publish an article from Dr. J. H. Stirling, in continuation of his article in our January number, wherein we will discuss Kant's idea of causality, in relation to Prof. Caird's interpretation of Kant.

In the same number we hope to print a more extended exposition of Dr. Caird's views on the same subject. — [Ed.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHILOLOGY.

Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, issues a circular proposing to start a new journal with the above title. The able editor has received assurances of coöperation from Professors Whitney and Carter, of Yale; Child, Lane, and Goodwin, of Harvard; March, of Lafayette; Short, of Columbia; Green, of Princeton; Boise, of Chicago; Peters and Price, of the University of Virginia; Toy, of Louisville; and Humphreys, of Vanderbilt. The subscription price will be three dollars. — [Ed.

BOOK NOTICES.

THEISM; Being the Baird Lecture for 1876. By ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D. Published by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh. For sale by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $3.75.

The high position of the author, and his reputation as a philosophical writer, make the title of this volume a promise of something valuable. In many respects the promise is fulfilled. The spirit of the book, abating only a little petulance, not more than a sentence or so in length, is admirable. It would be difficult to find a fairer statement of the problem in all its issues, and of the temper which its treatment demands, than is presented in the first three lectures. It is a problem for reason, and reason is competent to solve it. Theologies of intuition and of feeling are shown to be subterfuges of an arbitrary faith, which is only another name for unconscious scepticism. True theology is a science, and the crown of sciences, — the science of supreme truth, to which all other truths lead up, and in which they find their unity, as the absolute Reason, whose thoughts are creations, and forever complete their processes in images of its own personality. Theology, therefore, is a progressive science, and moves with the step of all knowledge. Every discovery in the natural, or social, or metaphysical world has a distinct nerve of relations communicating with the central and omnipresent Reason of the Universe. Says Prof. Flint — and he is one of the straitest sect of Scotch orthodoxy: "I have, indeed, heard men say — I have heard even teachers of theology say, — that the knowledge of God is unlike all other knowledge, in being unchanging and unprogressive. To me it seems that, of all knowledge, the knowledge of God is, or at least ought to be, the most progressive. And that, for this simple reason, every increase of other knowledge — be it the knowledge of outward nature, or of the human soul, or of history — be it the knowledge of truth, or beauty, or goodness — ought also to increase the knowledge of Him. If it do not, it has not been used aright; and the reason why it has not been used so must be that we have looked upon God as if He were only one among many things, instead of looking upon Him as the One Being of whom, through whom, and to whom are all things." With such an estimate of the task he has set for himself, and after so fine a clearing away of embarrassing rubbish, it surprises us that Prof. Flint has not succeeded better. He seems to know what ought to be done, but not how to do it. He would prove the existence and perfection of God, but adopts a method which can never attain to proof. His arguments may confirm the faith of those who already believe, and who would still keep the comfort of believing; but they can never convince a sceptic, who may, and indeed does, use the same method just as logically to defend his scepticism. He looks for evidence in categories that cheat the mind to an endless chase, and leave it spent, in the despair of truth. It is only by a leap out of the category itself, which he still pretends to follow, that he reaches the desired conclusion. In the argument of causality, for instance, he accepts the rule that every thing which happens must have a cause; and since every such cause turns out to be an effect, and the chain would thus run on and on, and never get any nearer a beginning, there *must* be a first cause who is not caused. But why *must* it be? and how is that which *must* be, demonstrated to exist, and to exist in harmony with its own seeming contradictions? This "*must* be" is a sudden flight of need, when the proposal, at the outset, was to foot the

entire distance of proof. Hence the materialist complains, with good reason, that the arguer for a *first* cause violates the terms of evidence. He says: "I have learned not to jump. Science trains me to touch heel to toe, and cover every inch of ground, in my inferences. The most precious truths have been passed over by your long-striding manner of deduction. The diamond-seekers who find the most jewels are the ones who get down on their hands and knees into the mud. Your leap is a leap in the dark, while I can only walk in the light. In the light, I can see that every physical effect has a physical cause; and it is surer footing to believe that this continues the case endlessly, than that it is arbitrarily interfered with at some unknown and unreachable point by an unscientific mystery, by an eternal contradiction." Prof. Flint's effort, excellent as it is in certain qualities, fails — as all like efforts have failed — because of the inadequacy of the method. And, since this is the only method that has been tried in our later English Apologetics, they have never produced any thing better than the special pleading of probability, the vain Babel-building of considerations — cumulative proof, as it is called — whose end is our present confusion of tongues.

If we are not to look upon God as a thing, why should we look for him in a category of things? Yet it is there that the author, who in the early lectures laments such procedure, is found until nearly the end, when he indicates that there is another path which he might have pursued, though with less easy and inviting travel, and doubtless with a smaller company. When will our theologians find out that that other is the *only* path of demonstration? that their reflections about First Cause, Universal Substance, Supreme Being, and Biggest Thing of Things are subjective and formal, satisfactory to no minds but those whose simple faith they strengthen because they appear to establish what they themselves had first disturbed — anointing wounds of their own infliction? Popular proofs, if defective, may be harmful in proportion to their popularity. Better dogmatism outright than weak argument, that brings truth into disrespect.

The task which Prof. Flint has undertaken, and so admirably half-done, remains to be finished. The completion will wait for other tools than those of English, or Scotch, or even of Kantian philosophy. They will be furnished by a logic which not only thinks in categories, but thinks through them; which sees how one category negatives itself into another that is more concrete; how the effect causes the cause to be a cause, as much as the cause makes the effect to be an effect; how, instead of dependence leaning backward only, it leans forward also, and thus props and sustains itself in *Reciprocity* as the union of parts which have no being except in their union as an organic Whole; how the Whole, because it is the Whole, and has nothing outside of it to determine or cause it, must cause or determine itself, and therefore be free — creative — its own aim and the aim of all things which it creates; not substance, merely, but subject; self-conscious, and accordingly conscious of a self, which likewise is conscious of a self that in its turn is conscious of a similar self; and so on, throughout endless generations of rational selves. That logic is the logic of Hegel. Prof. Flint, in the appendix to his lectures, refers to Hegel's *Beweise für das Daseyn Gottes*. He surely has not read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested it. R. A. H.

A Candid Examination of Theism. By Physicus. Published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston.

Physicus imagines that he has, by searching, found out the Almighty to perfection, and names him the Persistence of Force. Persistence of Force, we are told,

explains every mystery of matter and of mind. It bolts the categories of theology, and of metaphysics which theology has suborned. Cause and effect, substance and accident, design and will, disappear in its throat. Force is everywhere, and eternal. The apparent diversity of the world — organic, chemic, and mechanical — its many-named things and distinct agents, are the changing moods and masks, of one and the same omnipotence, which never loses a pulse of strength, and in every act remains at home with itself. It is the gravity and light of the stars, and the law of their motion. It is the growth of plants, the instinct of animals, the conscience of men. Every cubic inch of space is crowded with its presence, and has no room to spare for a rival god. Such a god, if he could get room, would have nothing to do but to loaf and look on. None of the old-fashioned arguments against Atheism apply to this new-found substitute for a divine Person. It does not work by chance, but by the necessity of its own nature. It does not make a universe as a piece of handicraft, but is the universe forever, making and unmaking itself. It does not coerce the wills of men, but constitutes them; they are one of Its modes, as heat is another. Even religious sentiment It kindly leaves as a very fine volatility of upward escape — an inner laughing-gas — to ease the hurt of Its own presence upon human life. Therefore let the absolute *It* be seated in the vacant throne of Theism.

But before we bow down to this strange Pronoun, we should like to know a little of Its nature, — to see, at least, the back parts of Its glory. Physicus has told us what It is not, rather than what It is. This description leaves It the absolute Neuter of thought. The Force that persists is not a *thing*, for things perish; nor is it any mere particular force, like electricity, for electricity, as such, passes into heat, or magnetism, or motion, and therein ceases to be electricity. In what, then, does this power, which never perishes like things, nor changes like particular forces, differ from them so as to have a positive attribute of its own, which shall at the same time include all their contradictory characteristics. If particular forces are as inadequate to define it as particular things, why call It Force, rather than Thing. Forces are only manifested in the decay of things, and distinguish themselves by vanishing one into another. But the secret might of the universe persists. Why, then, give to the abiding a name that signifies evanescence? No modifying adjective can prevent the imposture of association in such an *alias*. The stress of the definition is on Force; and popular thinking, which is careless and one-sided, will conceive the universal as one of the family of particulars whose surname it has adopted, while its Persistency will count for little more than an initial.

When Physicus tries to define this abiding totality, he will discover that, having nothing else to necessitate It, It is Its own necessity, and therefore free; that having nothing else to act on, It acts on Itself, and hence creates; that, acting as a totality on each of Its creatures, It thereby manifests Its whole nature on the creature's finitude, and so makes all change, or *progress*, from lack to fulness; that, active and passive — identical with and different from itself — in the same instant, It contains a most unphysical contradiction, the like of which is only found in self-consciousness, where the thinker is his own thought, and the thought, to be correct, must correspond to the thinker's entire energy. Then Physicus will see that in Persistent Force he had stumbled against the feet of Personality, and recognize above him a look which owns his stumbling as a prayer of ignorant worship.

R. A. H.

DIE PHANTASIE ALS GRUND PRINCIP DES WELTPROCESSES. Von J. FROHSCHAMMER, Professor der Philosophie an der Universitaet in Muenchen. Muenchen. 1877. THEO. ACKERMANN.

The object of this work is to introduce a new principle into Philosophy, and to make an attempt to explain, by its means, the development of the universe in all its stages; a principle which makes clear at the same time cognition and Real Being and Becoming, and the Ideal and Real in Existence, and which explains the unity of this existence, as well as the multiplicity manifested therein. A principle of this kind, which suffices all requirements, and which corresponds with the facts to be explained, has not been furnished by any of the previous philosophical systems, all of which suffer from onesidedness. The spiritual and ideal phenomena or facts cannot be explained from realistic principles — that is, from material atoms or mechanically operative forces: and, *vice versa*, matter or physical force cannot be explained from idealistic principles — from spiritual, self-conscious beings. If such an explanation or derivation is attempted, it can be accomplished only by denying one of the two actual factors of the existence of the universe — be it the idealistic or realistic factor — or by causing one of them to be swallowed up, as it were, by the other. It may also be done, however, by simply asserting both to be identical, without proving the identity — as does Spinoza, and as do some modern natural science men and philosophers. The same holds good in regard to the explanation of the unity of the world, and of the multiplicity of the phenomena in the world. Those systems that maintain the unity cannot seriously establish or explain the multiplicity and diversity of the universe, as Spinoza again shows; and those, on the other hand, who maintain mutiplicity and diversity are not able to explain the unity of complicated, uniform substances — at any rate, not on natural principles, but only by taking refuge in a supernatural, divine influence or agency. This is clearly shown in the case of Leibnitz, who brings unified order into his monads only by a preëstablished harmony; and is, in point of fact, also the case with Herbert. Again, if the fundamental principle is taken to be logical and rational — for instance, a Logical Idea, as Hegel takes it — we cannot understand how illogical, irrational facts are possible, the occurrence whereof are nevertheless undeniable, at least in human, spiritual life. If, on the other hand, we make the Illogical and Irrational our fundamental principle, as Schopenhauer does with his blind and unconscious will, we do not comprehend whence the Logical and Rational came — which, after all, can also not be denied altogether — and which Schopenhauer himself is compelled to admit as a fact, at least so far as his own philosophy is concerned, in so far as he regards it as true. If, finally, we assume consciousness, as Personality or the Ego, to be the fundamental principle of the universe, we find it absolutely impossible to derive the unconscious from the consciousness thereof as such; while, if we take the unconscious to be that principle, we cannot comprehend how consciousness can arise from it.

Thus the problem remains to discover, if possible, a fundamental principle which will satisfy claims of an utterly opposite nature, and be able to explain all those opposites from its own essence and peculiar nature; a principle which may be shown to be, at least factically, the source of all the multiplicity of facts — even if its own nature should remain incomprehensible — as is really always, in the end, the case in regard to every principle applied by human cognition.

This fundamental principle the author formulates as "Phantasy;" that is, he takes the fundamental principle of the world-process to be in analogy with that

peculiar faculty of the human spirit which is called Phantasy, or power of imagination, or power of representation. In this faculty and its activity we see the original character of the principle which entered into the world-process, and it itself is the subjective and liberated product of the analogous objective creative principle. Of course, Phantasy must here not be take ı in the ordinary limited sense, as a faculty whereby we represent things that do not at all exist, or whereby we represent them differently from their actuality. It is true that this faculty also exhibits a chief quality of the world-principle, namely, its creative and plastic faculty; but the other qualities of Phantasy can be explained only when we consider the original significance of the word and the essence and actuality corresponding to it. Phantasy is in fact the faculty, the power, to produce appearances, — that is, to form appearances for our consciousness, or to form images in our consciousness. Now, in this activity of Phantasy it happens that all three opposites, which we spoke of above as insurmountable for the various philosophical principles, appear as cancelled, at least in a formal manner and for our consciousness. Phantasy operates idealistically, and yet at the same time (in a formal way) realistically; for it always creates in consciousness sensuous forms for spiritual contents, fixing and revealing the latter in internal images. On the other hand, sensuous images gain through Phantasy also a spiritual significance. They are spiritualized; as, for instance, in the case of symbols. Hence Phantasy connects the spiritual and the sensuous, and this connecting constitutes essentially its activity. Hence it operates, at least temporarily, for consciouness, in both a realistic and an idealistic way. Again, the opposition of unity and multiplicity is cancelled in Phantasy and its activity; since, while remaining unity, it produces a multiplicity of images or representations, and, furthermore, understand how to gather a multiplicity into a unity. It is both a creative and a synthetical faculty. It furthermore produces for consciousness, from out of unconsciousness, its images or signs, whether the incitation comes from the outward or from the inward (from the depth of the soul itself); and hence it unites the sphere of the Unconscious with that of knowledge. Furthermore, the activity of Phantasy is the ground of the rational as well as of the irrational; it makes possible the realization of logic and of the teleological, while it also contains the possibility of the irrational, arbitrary, and illogical, as exhibited mainly in childhood, before real intellectual activity is aroused. Finally, Phantasy, or the inner power of representation and imaging, is also the incessantly active element in the psychical nature of man. This is specially manifested in the abnormal state of our physical-psychical life — in sickness, dreams, narcotic conditions, etc. But in the conscious state also — nay, even when our mental activity is quite fresh, and works with clearly known intent — the images of our Phantasy obtrude themselves obstructionally, cause our attention to flag, confuse us, and produce, as it were, a permanent conflict between the self-active mind and the unconsciously arising and obtrusive play of divers representations.

Now, if we should succeed in proving that the plastic power of nature, especially in its organic and living products, its plants and animals, works in a like manner and exhibits similar qualities, especially in generation, to those we discover in the Phantasy of man, which is everywhere considered the really creative power in man, we should, at least, have shown a sameness of action and occurrence. But, if it could be further shown that the activity and developing process of the plastic power of nature, or objective Phantasy, produces continually higher, more subjective individuals, and that, in this process of nature, there

occurs a steadily increasing wealth of external form and of internal significance — we should have discovered, indeed, the universal principle of the World-Process, and this principle might be best characterized as Phantasy.

To establish this is the object of the work in question. It is divided into three books, the first of which discusses Phantasy as a special subjective mental faculty, and contains mostly investigations relating to theoretical cognition. The second book shows how objective (real) Phantasy manifests itself in the process of nature and strives to subjectivate and spiritualize itself. Its contents are, therefore, of a natural science character. The third book, finally, seeks to establish how the human mind, how self-consciousness and the fundamental faculties of the mind are formed by the activity of the creative World-Phantasy.

It is impossible to enter here into the details of the investigation; we must content ourselves with a few suggestions concerning the problems treated and the manner of the solution. The investigation proceeds from the ordinary significance of the word Phantasy, and its manifestation or activity. It then shows how the fundamental activity of this peculiar mental faculty is to be found in all spiritual activity as the real motive power, the life-inspiring element, and first condition: in the Will as well as in Feeling, but especially in the faculty of cognition, from the function of the senses upward to the must abstract logical operation. The importance of the (productive) power of imagination in regard to the process of cognition, however, has been already pointed out by Kant, in his Critic of Pure Reason, and introduced in the very central part of that work, in order to utilize the categories and connect them with the senuous forms of contemplation. He remarks expressly: "This schematism of our understanding in regard to phenomena and their mere form (the transcendental producing of the power of imagination) is an art concealed in the depths of the human soul, the true working of which we shall not likely ever discover from nature, or place uncovered before our eyes." In another passage, Kant calls the power of imagination a blind faculty, it is true; but he adds, expressly, that without this faculty cognition would be simply impossible. With the same, nay, a still more emphatic decidedness, J. G. Fichte states this in his Science of Knowledge. He says: "Without this wonderful faculty (the productive power of imagination), positively nothing of the human mind can be explained; and it is very probable that the whole mechanism of the human mind can be easily explained from it." It thus lay near at hand to undertake a thorough investigation of this power of imagination, or Phantasy, since Kant and Fichte had after all not done so, however much use they made of that faculty in their constructions, and emphatically recognized its importance; especially as owing to their neglect to do so it happened that, in the time after Kant and Fichte, Phantasy continued to be generally considered simply as an organ of artistic creation and enjoyment, and turned over to the science of Æsthetics for investigation, though also regarded with curiosity as the source of strange conditions and manifestations of human nature. In the activity of cognition there are, mainly, two moments only in which Phantasy manifests itself; we can characterize them as the thetical and the synthetical moments. The formative, as it were creative, power of the mind is needed to posit as well as to cancel, to relate as well as to negate in thinking. It is also necessary for the abstract activity of thinking in the synthetical development and combination of judgments and conceptions. If anything is to be posited or affirmed in consciousness, we need always an image or sign, which is produced by our inner power of imaging; and even in negating, the creative power of the

mind must, at least, formally manifest itself in and for consciousness; for the Nothing, the negation, must itself operate in the mind as a power in order to cancel the positive, and hence in order to produce a specific effect in consciousness. In the same way the inner power of imaging is necessary for the creation of abstract conceptions, which, as such, have no existence at all in actuality, but are formed, or rather conceived, in the mind. Again, the productive and combining power of the mind is necessary in the formation of judgments, the connecting or separating of two thought-elements; for the conceptions and their union must be produced in the mind at the same time for consciousness, and kept hold of for the sake of comparing them and forming a judgment on them. Thus Phantasy, which, to be sure, so far as it shapes things in consciousness that do not exist at all, or shapes things otherwise than as they exist, appears as the source of error, is, nevertheless, also the fundamental condition and organ of the cognition of truth, and, moreover, of logical, real, and ideal truth, all of which forms are elaborately explained in the above work, according to their nature and essence. The ground-forms of truth, and of the cognition of truth, the categories and ideas, proceed also from Phantasy, as Kant has already suggested, and form the leading points of view for the higher power of cognition.

Now, then, arises the question whether this subjective Phantasy, which is so important for the process of cognition, has an original character and principle of its own, or whether it is merely a secondary, derived function of the mind? The investigation here shows that it cannot be derived from any of the other mental faculties, the functions whereof are rather conditioned by it; but that we certainly find everywhere in objective, real nature, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, certain effects which indicate an analogous, real, formative power, which may well be the source and cause of the analogous, subjective faculty, Phantasy. Thus arises the further problem, whether this objective plastic principle which manifests itself in nature is an original force, a fundamental principle of the process of nature, or is itself produced by other causes, be these substances or physical forces? We have thus arrived at the real fundamental problem, the question concerning the origin of the organic, of life, of sensation, of consciousness, etc., which has excited in recent times so many investigations and disputes between the men of natural science and philosophers for and against materialism, and concerning the correctness or incorrectness of Idealism and Theism. Here, also, an answer has already been suggested by Kant and Fichte, and expounded at length by Schelling and Hegel, the decision being in favor of Idealism. According to Kant's Critic of Pure Reason, time and space are not objective, but subjective forms of contemplation, the things in themselves whereof give, through their effect on us, the material contents of our cognition (experience), whilst the understanding, by means of the categories, furnishes cognition the form. Out of this arises the world of our knowledge, the world of appearances. Now, if this combination of forms of contemplation and conceptions of the understanding, and hence the only possible real cognition, is conditioned and realized by the productive power of the imagination, the world of appearances, so far as we know it, is also essentially conditioned by it. In a more emphatic way this thought appears in Fichte's Idealism. In his view the non-Ego as well as the Ego are products of the Ego; the science of Knowledge is also a science of Being. If, then, Knowledge — that is, the construction of science — is effected by means of the productive power of imagination, Being, or the non-Ego, must be effected in the same way. In Schelling we note already the objective tendency of the view of this world some-

what in his system of transcendental Idealism, and more decidedly in his Natural Philosophy and the Identity System. The formative principle in the process of nature is now real and objective, and not merely ideal and subjective. In Hegel, finally, the objective moment gains even the ascendancy, as the objective dialectic of nature and of the world. It is everything, and subjective thinking, with its formal logic, is the limited, the untrue. The productive power of imagination of Kant and Fichte is thus, to be sure, replaced by the logical idea; but this idea has a real, objective character.

But we have to deal here, not with these general thoughts and constructions, but with the question whether, in objective nature, a formative (plastic) power is necessary and effective for the production of the organic and living formations in all their gradations and kinds. This question has put itself forth in quite a definite form by the revival of materialism, that is, of the assertion that the elementary substances, or atoms, with their physical and chemical forces, suffice to produce, not only life and organisms, but also physical, and, finally, even spiritual functions.

This, of course, involves another assertion, namely, that the first organisms themselves originated through *generatio spontanea* — that is, through the material substances alone — without a special external or internal principle of formation. To refute these assertions, it was necessary to prove that neither organization generally, nor life, sensation, and consciousness can be explained merely out of material substances and mechanical forces, and that a *generatio spontanea* can be neither empirically demonstrated nor artificially produced. In fact, of late the most prominent men of natural science acknowledge, more and more generally, that at least sensation and consciousness cannot be explained from the physical and chemical qualities of the material substances, and from merely mechanical movements. They are, therefore, of opinion that we must assume a special quality in the material atoms, a faculty of sensation, which lies concealed in them, but becomes actualized and manifest when the substances are properly combined and formed. But, in granting this, natural science recognizes the assertion of a special peculiar principle, from which life, sensation, and consciousness originate, the only difference being that we represent this as a universal, original unit-principle, while the men of natural science represent it as pluralistic, and posit it in their (very problematic) material atoms.

This universal, real-effective, but, in the manner of the human Phantasy, plastically and teleogically formative principle, is thus established as the original principle, from which all organic and living formations of nature are derived, even the human mind itself, and its peculiar formative and creative faculty, Phantasy, from which the investigation took its start.

To represent this process of formation and development of the universal principle, or of the creative World-Phantasy, at least in its general features, and thus to show how the particularization of this principle, immanent in the world itself, or the concrete formations of the world, become more and more internal, psychical, and hence subjective; this is the object of the second book of the above work. In analogy with all development and all known facts of palæontology, it is to be assumed that this formative world-principle was at first itself in a condition of universality and undeterminedness, or of a certain indifference, and that it only gradually concentrated itself into concrete forms, thereby always developing itself to a higher degree. This, of course, also involved a continual withdrawing and distinguishing of itself from the material substances and the merely physically

effective power, but on no account a real separation; since we can never think the principle without force and material substrate, and hence without a real basis. At the very beginning of organic development, therefore, nature resembled already, on the whole, an organism, though an undeveloped and unarticulated organism. Its differentiation and development into the infinite fulness and multiplicity of plants and animals occurred only gradually, and not according to mere chance, or mere external relations, but under the rule of a law of formation. Hence it is the theory of descendence which lies at the basis of this work; and due recognition is also made of Darwin's theory of transmutation, although it is not held to be fully sufficient to explain the species in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which indeed needs a teleological and ideal law for their explanation. This ideal law must at the same time be understood as a fundamental impulse, immanent in nature, by virtue of which the whole development of nature strives, not only after an infinite multiplicity of external forms, but also after an *internalizing*, through which nature seeks to get hold of itself in the individuals, to find itself in them, and to enjoy their rationality, their lawfulness, and purposeness. This occurs, above all, in the culture and activity of the senses and the sensatory nerves. Both result from the teleological and ideal impulse of nature, which is inherent in the fundamental principle as a law or rule, and are organs of rationality itself, which strives after self-perception. The senses are already in their arrangement a work and expression of the understanding. By their activity, which is not merely receptive, but really active, and as it were creative, they reveal a sphere of existence which would not be open to us otherwise; for instance, the sphere of life and color through the eyes, and that of tones through the ear. Here, then, we have already a self-perception of nature, which not only the individual sees and hears, but which nature itself reveals unto itself; since in its own immanence and unity seeing and hearing is realized. It is similar in regard to sensation. We do not derive sensation from the material atoms and their combination, but from the teleological or rational essence — from the lawfulness of nature. For sensation is conditioned by this: that in a given individual, internal, normal relations receive a change from parts or moments, which is either beneficial or harmful to that relation. This, by the by, gives rise to the feelings of satisfaction (joy) or dissatisfaction (pain), and is everywhere applicable. In a being that is wholly uniform, without any relation, sensation is impossible; since no change can take place in a being that is utterly uniform and indifferent. If we wish to ascribe sensation to material atoms, we must endow them with an articulated, rationally, or teleologically arranged internality — that is, we must represent them no longer as mere atoms, but as organic formations, in the way of Leibnitz's monads. We cannot, therefore, escape the assumption that sensibility is conditioned by teleological arrangement, which is an expression of rational and ideal lawfulness, in such a way that sensitive organisms have a feeling of what ought to be and what ought not to be; by which exposition we obtain, and have furthermore revealed to us, an ideal moment accompanying material occurrences. Sensibility and sensation itself gives us the basis of internality and of the larger part of psychical culture, which in animals manifests itself especially in their impulses and instincts, but develops even in them already into a sort of intellectual capacity, and a capacity of feeling. We cannot discuss this matter here more at length, and must refer to the exposition of the work itself. One important circumstance in the process of development, however, must be mentioned: the propagation and transmission of culture through generation. Real, objective

Phantasy, namely, or teleological plastical power of formation, manifests itself in the process of generation, by which a continuation of that which is organic and living, as well as a development and higher grade of both, is transmitted. But gradually psychical life arises out of both, and in it appears more and more, as the higher development rises, Phantasy as a subjective condition; at first still in a latent state in the instinct, but next also as a free faculty of representation; still limited, however, altogether to its own existence and life. And thus we have suggested the transition, or the potentializing, of the formation of the creative World-principle for the production of the nature of man and the spirit of man.

The third book treats of the human mind itself, and attempts to explain its origin and qualities from the action of Phantasy, as the fundamental principle of the World-Process. The first point is to explain the higher independence of the human soul, in comparison with the animal souls; and, next, self-consciousness. Both are conditioned by the psychical organism, which forms itself on the basis of physical-psychical organization, and which, to be sure, does not manifest itself in human nature all at once and unmediated, but can be found in its traces and beginnings already in the higher animal world. This psychical organism, it is true, develops itself out of the physical world as a soul by means of the *real*-working Phantasy, which becomes subjective, and finally a subject; but it grows independent — that is, capable of self-consciousness and of an independent Will — only by means of liberated and formal-working Phantasy — that is, of Phantasy in the limited sense of the word. For Phantasy, as a formative (plastic) principle, works *real* only in intimate conjunction with physical laws, and is in so far subjected to the lawfulness and necessity of nature. But gradually, and as the animating principle of the body, it grows ever more concentrated and independent; so that, even in the animals, it elevates itself, as it were, above the organism, so that it can determine the organism no longer merely through impulses (as *causæ efficientes*), but also through representations (*causæ finales*), making it in so far already capable of the application of Will and arbitrariness. But in human nature this principle, as soul, has, so to speak, a superabundance of power, which liberates man from the compulsion of natural laws, manifests itself in arbitrary activity, and operates as subjective, or subjectivistic, Phantasy. This appears clearly in the character of children, in whom the real mind is as yet altogether Phantasy, and breaks out in arbitrary plays and games, changing things as whim dictates, and in accordance to fictitious images, and paying no heed to any law of nature. The mind, having become liberated, takes a pleasure in rising above all ordinary lawful occurrences, and, disregarding the laws of nature and of logical thought, manifests itself thus in games, stories, fairy tales, etc. By this sort of play the mind strengthens itself in its independent power; and, after having absorbed considerable experience, and various kinds of spiritual food out of history, the psychical organism rises over that of the body, and the soul, gifted with consciousness, enters self-consciousness, and becomes spirit, or personality, with the Ego as its centre.

For, since consciousness has no longer the merely eternal — nature and bodily existence — for its contents, but is now based on the psychical organism, it presently arises into self-consciousness, which knows nothing of bodily functions (at least not directly), but only of psychical being and working. This psychical organism, gradually grown up, as it were, out of the physical organism, is not a simple, uniform being, but has its own inner articulation. It is a unity of faculties, that manifest themselves in various functions and activities, and which are,

therefore, designated different fundamental faculties of the mind. It has been justly deemed proper to point out three such fundamental faculties in the one (unit) spirit or mind: the faculty of feeling, the faculty of cognition, and the power of the will; for this triplicity is also found in all real things, and especially in the physical organisms. We distinguish matter as their real substrate, form as their determining law, and force as their executive power. All three moments together constitute their essence or substance — taking the latter word in the Aristotelian sense, as an individual being, composed of matter and form. Thus, the mind, in spite of the unity of its essence, embraces a multiplicity of moments or forces, which, far from endangering its real unity, actually condition it; for the merely in itself uniform constitutes only a mass, but not a true unity.

We have not time here to enter at length on the genesis and modes of activity of the separate spiritual faculties, and must, therefore, refer to the work itself, wherein they are elaborately set forth — feeling, especially, being treated very fully. So far as the faculty of cognition is concerned, a definite distinction is made between the understanding and reason: the former representing the *logical* power of the mind — the faculty of forming judgments, conceptions, and conclusions — and the latter the faculty of feeling and cognizing *ideal* truth. Both faculties are explained, not merely in regard to their nature and contents, but are, in accordance with modern requirements, developed in their genesis and growth; since they, also, surely do not spring suddenly into existence without mediation. They, also, are determined in their genesis, as well as in their functions, by the plastic power of Phantasy. The understanding arises, to state the matter in a few words, through the union — marriage, as it were — of Phantasy with the universal laws and forms of Being, from which the laws and the universal forms of thinking, and hence the laws of logic and the categories, arise in the spiritual subject. In a similar way, Reason is genetically constructed by the union of Phantasy and the Ideas. For the ideas, like the universal laws, have not arisen suddenly into existence; they lie concealed in the depths of existence as eternal truths, and are only shaped and revealed by Phantasy. They are thus existent in the human soul, primarily, as capacities or faculties, or as germs that spring into activity and development only by means of a corresponding influence. The Ideas express an eternal being — truth, beauty, the good, etc. They have not been arbitrarily elaborated, or adopted through habit, use, common agreement, or force, in a manner as if they could just as well be otherwise than they are; but they express something necessitated in its being, as well as in its essence — something which cannot not be, and which cannot be otherwise than it is. So far as the Will is concerned, it is true that in the great World-Process it develops itself from the physical-psychical organization, and especially from the impulse; but the power working by means of it receives in the psychical organism, through the free element of Phantasy, a basis for self-determination, or independent decision. It can thus not only determine itself by representations, and arise above mere impulses and instincts like the animals, but is able to give unto itself its self-determination from the depths of its own essence; that is, it can determine itself from out of the psychical organism, and the central point thereof — the Ego. But this sort of freedom is also not something that has suddenly, and without mediation, arisen in the human mind; it likewise, only in a much more imperfect degree, pervades all nature. For the World-Phantasy conceals an element of freedom which, in conjunction with the lawfulness of nature, produces its infinite multiplicity and its most remarkable forms.

These are the main contents of the above work, in brief outline. At its close appears, however, an investigation into the relation of Phantasy to some abnormal conditions of human nature, dreams, somnambulism, spiritism, and diseases of the mind. On this we cannot dwell any longer; but, in conclusion, would meet an objection that may be raised against the main argument of the book. The mind, it will be noticed, is represented as the creature, or product, of the World-Phantasy — nay, as part thereof, since itself has entered the World-Process in a way, and no longer stands above it; and yet this same mind, which has been formed in its Essence by Phantasy, in conjunction with the laws of nature, is again endowed with Phantasy as its special faculty. How, then, can the mind distinguish itself from its special faculty? In the same manner in which the bodily organism, which is a product of the power of generation, is distinguished from that Power which the organism itself possesses, and manifests in new generations. Thus, the mind is the product of Phantasy as the World-Principle, but possesses at the same time Phantasy as a mental power of production. In fact, all creations of the human mind are possible only through the activity of subjective Phantasy; and human history, with all its great spiritual achievments and advances in language, religion, art, morals, etc., is essentially conditioned by it — a matter which the author promises to develop in a future work on the same subject.

[The foregoing notice of the remarkable work of Dr. Frohschammer was furnished, at our request, by a friend of the system residing in Germany, and translated by Mr. Kroeger. It is, one will perceive, the polar-opposite of the system of Schopenhauer. While the latter makes Will to be the fundamental principle of the world, and sets up the doctrine that *Vorstellung* (which includes the intellectual activities, and might be called Phantasy, as in this book) is a derivative faculty, created by will for a specific end. On the contrary, Dr. Frohschammer makes Phantasy the fundamental principle, and the evolver of all else. Schopenhauer's system, founded on the Will alone, ends in Pessimism; and so every system that lays great stress on the Will is like to do. Even Calvinism contain elements of pessimism, because it emphasizes the Will and human responsibility. The doctrine of eternal punishment — of endless hell — is a figurative expression of Will utterly free — so that all its deeds return wholly to itself (without the interposition of grace, without the interposition of the mediation of human society, or the human race, between the individual and his deed).

Dr. Frohschammer's theory, it would seem from this, ought to be optimistic. For its application, we shall await with interest the appearance of his promised new work on the subject.—EDITOR.]

THE FOREKNOWLEDGE OF GOD, AND COGNATE THEMES IN THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY. By L. D. McCabe, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University. Cincinnati: Hitchcock and Welden. 1878.

The position of the author as briefly stated by Dr. Hurst, who writes the introduction to this book, is: "That universal prescience is incompatible with human freedom; that there can be no tenable system of theology, or of moral philosophy, based upon that doctrine; but that the whole Christian system may be made consistent, defensible, and satisfactory by the denial of it; and that all the doctrines and prophesies of Scripture are plainly reconcilable with such denial."

"The important distinction," says Dr. McCabe (chapter XXI.), "between the action of a free will and the movement of a material force is, that every event in the domain of the latter has a necessary antecedent, whereas a volition has really

no antecedent. It has precedents, but those precedents involve nothing coercive, or necessary, or uniform. There is in them nothing that can indicate with certainty a particular choice; nothing that can afford omniscience any certainty as to the future production of that volition, of which there are, and can be, nothing more than the occasions.

"The moment we admit that the precedent of a volition is of such a nature as to afford omniscience ground for absolute certainty as to that volition, that moment we annihilate, to all human discrimination, the distinction between freedom and the great law of cause and effect, and we introduce confusion into our thinkings; that instant we logically destroy human freedom, accountability, and the possibility of a divine moral government. True, the human will requires reasons, motives, considerations, and even temptations, as the occasions of its rewardable exercise. But these are always numerous, various, and uncoercive. There can be nothing coercive in the character of the precedents of those choices which entail endless destiny, if a man is a free agent." "Between the antecedent of an effect and an occasion of a volition there is, and there can be, therefore, no element of resemblance or oneness."

The difficulty, it will be noticed, which leads to the denial of foreknowledge lies in the assumption that causality is the supreme condition of what is foreknown; hence it is inferred that the products of a free activity transcend the sphere of foreknowledge. If one replies: "God sees the act as free, but he sees it in and by and through that particular influence that is finally the occasion of the choice and of the volition," Dr. M'Cabe answers: "If a foreknowledge of a volition is obtained through perceiving the final desirability which will, in fact, prove to be the occasion of that volition, this does not in the least relieve the great difficulty. We do not, and we cannot, remove volition from the category of the action of cause and effect. In so doing we remove the cause of the determination of the will from the subjective to the objective, and then from the objective we estimate the movement of the subjective."

Every human being, according to this doctrine,—

* * * "Contains
A something that defies precalculation,
Exhausts all motives known to sense and reason,
All likelikoods, all probability,
And in the event disables the conclusion;
For Reason, though it placed the stake correctly.
'Tis Madness casts the die. There is not space
In the wide universe of amplitude
Sufficient to swing the balance, wherein
To weigh the sequence of one puny act."

Still another view might be presented:—

If we consider for a moment the conditions under which prediction, or foreknowledge is possible, do we not find two very different grounds?

A knowledge of the totality of conditions which determine the being of any somewhat that is under fate or necessity — *i.e.*, is externally constrained — will give us a knowledge of its future. A knowledge of the objects and aims of a free being, combined with a knowledge of the means or instrumentalities that he has to work with, gives us sufficient ground to foreknow what he will do; and the more free the being, both in purpose and instrumentalities, the more certain is our foreknowledge of his course of action. The less his degree of insight, and the

more capricious his purposes — so much the less possible is it to predict his action on the grounds of freedom. But, on the contrary, it becomes easier to predict his career from external circumstances; for, just in proportion to the lack of insight and the dominance of caprice in a being, the same is under the control of external circumstances.

Just because God is perfect Insight and perfect Will, and uses perfect instrumentalities to realize a perfect purpose — it is possible for us to foreknow his action, in proportion as we ourselves grow in ability to penetrate the universal and necessary nature of perfect knowledge and will, and the final cause of the world. We are able to be most certain about God's action, because he is perfecty free. His actions, being partly free, and partly controlled by outside fate for the reason of man's imperfect insight and imperfect will, are to be foretold partly on grounds of freedom and partly on grounds of fate, or natural laws of cause and effect. Causality is the law of external constraint — that of nature and fate. *Final cause*, or teleology, is the law of freedom. Causality appertains to the relation of dependence on others; final cause to independence and self-determination.

That the law of final cause transcends the law of cause, and is its logical condition, is the great insight of Aristotle, and the true basis of all spiritual explanations of the universe.

God's knowledge being perfect, both as to the subsidiary laws of causality as the world of mere nature, and also as to the transcendental laws of freedom and self-determination, is equal to perfect foreknowledge of necessitated events, of free events, and of events that partake partly of one and partly of the other category.

However this may be, we may thank Dr. McCabe, in behalf of the theological public, for his candid discussion and clear statement of the issues involved in the question.

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Contents: Chapter I. — General argument in favor of a proportionate or symmetrical development, and against the common practice of cultivating individual bias, *i. e.*, disproportion. The vulgar error refuted that intellectual power is in proportion to the number of subjects acquired, or that quantity is of greater importance than quality. Chapter II. — The modifiability of human nature renders its symmetrical development or rectification possible. Chapter III. — The transfer of power from one part of the system to another. A balanced or equable distribution of power amongst the faculties to be aimed at. Chapter IV. — The right constitution of the preparatory or educational setting-up schools of the kingdom. With *addenda* on technical education.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHRIST THE CORNER-STONE OF SPIRITUALISM.

1. The Talmudic Proofs of Jesus' Existence. 2. Who was Jesus? 3. The Distinction between Jesus and Christ. 4. The Moral Estimate that Leading American Spiritualists put upon Jesus of Nazareth. 5. The Commands, Marvels, and Spiritual Gifts of Jesus Christ. 6. The Philosophy of Salvation through Jesus Christ. 7. The Belief of Spiritualists and the Church of the Future. By J. M. Peebles, M. D. London: James Burns. 1878.

A PLEA FOR CANDOR IN BIBLE-READING; OR, SCIENTIFIC OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE BIBLE EXAMINED. By a Citizen of Jackson, Tenn. (William T. Hamilton, D. D.) Jackson. 1878.

Lecture I. — Origin of the Different Races of Men. Lecture II. — Objections against the Bible based on the so-called Scientific Grounds.

LOI GÉNÉRALE DE L'ÉVOLUTION DE L'HUMANITÉ.

Introduction au Livre de L'Autonomie de la Personne Humaine. Par le Professeur Émile Acollas. Paris: Garnier Frères, Libraires Éditeurs. 1876.

L'ANTHROPOLOGIE ET LE DROIT.

Address to the Members of the Society of Anthropology at Paris, by Professor Émile Acollas, October 5, 1874.

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L'ÉCONOMIE POLITIQUE ET LE DROIT.

Addressed to the Members of the Society of Political Economy of France, by Professor Émile Acollas, October 20, 1874.

ON SOME DISPUTED POINTS IN PHYSIOLOGICAL OPTICS. By Henry Hartshorne

I. — On the Theory of Erect Vision, with Inverted Retinal Images. II. — On *Extuition* as a new Term in Psychology. III. — On Ocular Color Spectra, and their Causation. A paper read before the American Philosophical Society, April 21, 1876.

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I. — Index of Articles: (*a*) General Articles; (*b*) Editorial Departments. II. — Index of Authors.

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I. — Index of Subjects. II. — Index of Writers. By William Cushing, A. B. (late assistant in Harvard College Public Library). Cambridge: Press of John Wilson & Son. 1878.

BULLETIN NO. 39 AND BULLETIN NO. 40. October, 1876, and January, 1877. pp. 115 to 184. Boston Public Library.

Containing, among its bibliographical notes, a special list of reference works on the History of Mental Philosophy. I. — General Histories of Philosophy. II. — Ancient Philosophy Generally, and Oriental Philosophy. III. — Greek and Roman Philosophy. [*To be continued.*]